THE CALEDONIAD.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BY SCOTTISH AUTHORS.

Marmora Meſſalæ findit caprificus, et audax
Dimidios Criſpi mulio ridet equos:
At chartis nec furta nocent, et ſecula proſunt;
Soláque non nôrunt hæc monumenta mori.

MARTIAL, B. x. Ep. 2.

Statues may moulder; and the Clown, unbred,
Scoff at young Ammon's horſe without his head:
But finiſh'd Writings Theft and Time defy;
The only Monuments which cannot die. HAY.

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MDCC LXXV.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

AND SONGS.

PROEMIUM.

(By Scoto Britannus.)

O Thou that fondly means to read
This Book, the *Caledoniad*,
Come with a free, untainted mind;
The nurſe, the pedant leave behind;
And all that ſuperſtition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that reaſon can't retain,——
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy ſtudious Eyes explore,
And range theſe three ſmall Volumes o'er,
Truſt blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembering Authors are but men.
Has fair *Philoſophy* thy love?
She lives *here* or in yonder grove.

If the ſweet Muſe thee pleaſure gives;—
Here or in yonder grove ſhe lives:
And if Religion claims thy care;
Religion, ſtill in books, is *here*.
For firſt from Printed Books we drew
Our Knowledge, *and our Virtue too.*

On READING a late TOUR,

A FRAGMENT.

Augur ſchœnabates, medicus, magus: omnia novit.
Græculus eſuriens, in Cœlum, juſſeris, ibit. JUVENAL.

To ſervile jobs prone, 'tis our Pedant's hap,
To travel, conjure, write, and cure a ——:
A ſcientific Drudge does all things try:
To Scotland hie him, or to Hell;——he'll hie.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

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GRIEV'D ***** a *ſcribbling* friend to looſe
I love the ſolitary jaunt he choſe.
On oats, (from noiſe remote) with *horſe*, he fed
Returning penſive, hear him, I *aread*.
See him at the fam'd gate of Holyrood,
The ſeat of ancient kings of Houhnhum blood!

" B—ll, farewell! (he cries) the chaiſe at hand
The poſt-boy calls me from this *Houhnhnm land*.
My

My penſion almoſt ſpent on *mealy oats*,
To *London* hobble worth *Six hundred groats*,
There, tired of my follies, and my crimes,
I'll point my ſatire to ſucceeding times.
Bleſt country this! ſuperior to *my own!*
No *ſpies* are paid, nor *ſpecial Juries* known!
Fair juſtice here, without conſtraint, ador'd,
Holds high the ſteady ſcale, but *ſheaths* the ſword.
A *ſingle jail*, on this *Arcadian* plain,
Can the whole kingdom's criminals contain!
Moſt peaceful country of the northern coaſt,
Thy *cakes* henceforth, ſhall be my conſtant toaſt,
Heav'n ſtill reſerves, *in pity to the poor*,
An aſylum upon this HOUHNHNM ſhore:
And this great truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, by POVERTY DEPRESS'D.
Quick may ye riſe, our *hapleſs ſeats* explore,
And bear the marks of poverty no more.
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me?
I *ſtart at penſion*, —— bluſh at *perjury*.
Have long declin'd at Britain's court *to ſing*,
Or pluck a titl'd Poet's borrowed wing?—
Sir C—r's logic I can patient hear,
And ſtill do ſlumber o'er the Gazeteer.
" To London I, the needy villain's home,
The common ſewer of Paris, and of Rome,
Muſt ſtreight be led, by Folly or by Fate,
To ſee—*the dregs of each corrupted ſtate!*

Forgive my tranſports, on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a *French metropolis*.
" From *Caledonia* and the realms of day,
The land of heroes, and of ſaints, I ſtray;
Nor hope I Engliſh leneaments to trace,
Nor henceforth ruſtic grandeur's *ſurly grace*.
But (loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
I'll ſee the warrior dwindled to the *beau*;
Hear ſenſe and piety refin'd away,
See France's mimics, and our daily prey!
" Who would, unbrib'd, forſake this peaceful land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand;
Where none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger ſpares, with age decay!
To London I, where malice does conſpire,
Where now a rabble rages, now a fire,
Where ambuſh, and relentleſs ruffians lay,
And the fell fiend, *Attorney*, prowls for prey;
Where falling houſes thunder o'er my head,
Muſt hear a FEMALE ATHIEST talk me dead!
Here muſt I live, where penſions can excite
To write a *patriot* black, or *courtier* white;
Explain my country's dear-bought rights away,
And write FOR DUNCES in the face of day.
My ears and *piercing* eyes I'll never pleaſe,
In ſuch a place, 'mongſt mongrels ſuch as theſe.
Such are our Engliſh drones! but laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs's bray.

Grieve

Grieve, and they grieve, and wipe a wat'ry eye,
They cannot mourn like—, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take,
Begin to quiver,—they will quickly ſhake!
In *froſt* and *ſnow*, if you complain of *heat*,
They rub unſweating brows, and—ſwear they ſweat.
Near G—h Square, Sir, we live with ſuch as thoſe,
Such are our betters, who wear better cloaths!
Who day and night, like—'s looking-glaſs,
Can ſtill reflect their glorious patron's face.
Beſides, there's little ſacred, nothing—*free*,
From bold attempts of *Engliſh l—ry!*
Through a whole family their labours run,
The daughter is debauch'd;—the wife undone!
If none they find, for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with their maids and daughters oft commit!
They ſearch the ſecrets of their houſe; and ſo,
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for *what they know.*
"More could I ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow,
Before departure; but the ſun grows low.
Farewell, then B—ll, mindful ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and your ſhades afford."

On

On RICHES.

(By Mr. St———ſon.

——Quid habet pulchri conſtructus acervus. Hor.

WHY is extenſive wealth beſtow'd on men?
To be as greatly uſeful as they can,
Not merely their own int'reſts to purſue,
Or meanly hoard as wretched miſers do;
Alas! while thouſands of their betters ſtarve,
Or only have their bareſt wants to ſerve.

God, in diſpenſing favours here below,
Wiſely diſpens'd, would have all orders know,
Howe'er the lots unequal *ſeem* to fall,
He ſeeks the welfare not of *one*, but *all*.
Not that a pride-ſwoln purſe-vain tyrant, born
Both the diſgrace of mankind and the ſcorn,
Should raiſe, with unremitted bent of mind,
His fortune on the ruins of his kind;
Sole, rigid arbiter of right and wrong,
Holding high juriſdiction o'er the throng;
A pow'r which only from preſumption flows,
Or ſomething foreign to himſelf beſtows:
His only merit—ſave but to himſelf,
The merit of the mine, a little pelf,
Though here unlike, his to himſelf confin'd,
The mine beſtows its bleſſings on mankind.
All are the objects of God's ſpecial care,
His Providence all undiſtinguiſh'd ſhare;

His

His rains and dews the barren ſoil enrich,
No matter which the lord, the vaſſal which;
His radiant ſun, his moon, his ſtars, diſplay
To all one indiſcriminating ray.
The monarch and the hamlet's ſervile clown,
Howe'er on him the royal eye looks down,
Howe'er the firſt by proſtrate crouds obey'd,
Stand on a level, when by Him ſurvey'd;
For to the laſt, ſo equal He beſtows,
The firſt his diadem and ſceptre owes;
While in return, though caſual ills endur'd,
The peaſant's life and property's ſecur'd.
No titles, no diſtinctions, that exiſt
Only while Fortune ſmiles, or factions liſt,
Expos'd to accidents of time and place,
Avail with Him whoſe empire is all ſpace;
Whoſe eye, which through no partial medium ſees,
Beholds, as one, all ſtations and degrees;
As gilded clouds diſpers'd o'er evening-ſky,
Some of a brighter, ſome a fainter dye,
But all alike, at the approach on night,
Snatch'd in ſurrounding darkneſs from the ſight.

For what are all the haughty boaſts of pow'r,
But the fantaſtic play-things of an hour,
Which Fortune from her lap in paſtime throws,
While in the ſcramble, friends turn mortal foes?
So have we ſeen two maſtiffs fierce engage,
With rival hatred, and contentious rage,
The ſtrongeſt ſure the mighty prize to own,
The mighty prize—a crumble or a bone.

Say

Say not that Virtue ſuffers by the charge,
We cenſure thus her merit to enlarge;
Thus too applauſe on Reaſon we beſtow,
Reaſon, man's grand prerogative below;
For ſeldom either ſeems concern'd at all
With Mankind's incidental riſe or fall;
Seldom the laſt claims Pity's tender ſigh,
The firſt one glance of their approving eye.
Refrain to call their honour injur'd then,
But let the cenſure juſtly light on men.
Men who, when plumes or ſtars within their reach,
Think no exceſs a law's notorious breach;
Surmount each obſtacle, as in their way
An inſect flutter'd, or a molehill lay;
The firſt that can obtain, or beſt defend,
(No matter how) moſt lucky in the end.
Rather pronounce the ſatire dipt in gall,
That thus their favour is denied to all.
And why denied? becauſe (O laſting blot
In Fame's eſcutcheon) priz'd and courted not,

Riches, conſider'd right, are not our own,
But lent us as a temporary loan,
To be, as the fam'd *Hebrew* underſtood,
Laid out diſcreetly for the common good.
A certain teſt, a grand criterion this,
As manag'd with diſcretion, or amiſs,
GOD in ſuperiour wiſdom means to try
The rectitude of our intentions by;
Whence the reward, or glory or diſgrace,
Will with impartial equity take place.

Such

Such then reverſe the univerſal law,
Whoſe hearts relent not, and whoſe hands withdraw.
Such counteract Heav'n's uniform deſign,
And boldly would oppoſe the will divine,
Who, to the circle of themſelves confin'd,
Their thoughts extend not to the human kind;
Whom no kind gen'rous ſentiments impreſs,
Averſe to aid, though they the means poſſeſs.
For ſhame! thus faithleſs to the nobleſt truſt,
To GOD ungrateful, and to man unjuſt.
To God, of whom unmerited you hold
Your leaſe of life, your honours, and your gold.
To man, related by one common tye,
Whate'er proud mottos boaſt, or creſts imply,
Reaſon to man intruſted as a grant,
Leſt he ſhould ever ſink oppreſs'd with want,
Makes him the common creditor of all,
Whate'er hard fate betides, or ills befall.
To whom all, places chang'd, commutual owe
What each would wiſh the other to beſtow.
A diamond is a diamond, whether ſeen
On dunghill, or in bracelet of a queen.
Yon ſun the ſame, when vapours foul obſcure,
As when he ſhines through boundleſs æther pure.
For ſhall a being form'd by breath divine,
In whom the graces of an angel ſhine,
Deſtin'd, when life's vain ſenſeleſs farce is o'er,
To live with kindred ſpirits evermore,
Shall he, unhonour'd by a genr'ous ſigh,
Live unaſſiſted, or neglected die?

Shall he alone demand his birth-right due,
Yet, with reproach, meet a refuſal too?
No; firſt the open air let glow-worms ſhun,
Leſt in his glory they eclipſe the ſun;
Let wretches guard their bags with bolted door,
Starving with plenty, in abundance poor.
Let emmets boaſt their hoarded grains, but man
Should act upon a better, nobler plan.
Nor let the bard, who freely cenſures them,
Be guilty of a fault his lays condemn.
Thus would he take the diſingenuous ſide,
And from his actions his belief divide.

To the AUTHOR *of* Douglas *and* Agis.

(By the ſame.)

Written in the Year 1758.

HAIL, tragic bard! ſtill while eſteem remains
For nature painted in the pureſt ſtrains;
While ſentiments expreſs'd with native eaſe,
And elegant ſimplicity can pleaſe;
While poeſy and taſte maintain their cauſe,
Douglas ſhall live the ſubject of applauſe.

How *Agis* ſhines, drawn by thy faithful pen,
The greateſt, wiſeſt, and the beſt of men!

When

When ſacred Freedom fires his glowing breaſt,
Each leſs exalted gen'rous aim ſuppreſt;
How does he riſe, deſerted and alone,
Superior to the grandeur of a throne,
Unſooth'd by Pleaſure's faſcinating voice,
The coward's boaſt, the ſlave's ignoble choice!
Proud *Cæſar*, ſeated in triumphal car,
Amid the trophies and the ſpoils of war,
While adoration crouds almoſt beſtow,
Exhibits to mankind a meaner ſhow.

Britain, awake! a finiſh'd picture ſee,
Drawn by the Muſe's happieſt art, for thee;
Not merely to amuſe, but to inſpire
With virtuous zeal, and patriotic fire.
To rouſe from ſloth thy once heroic race,
Sloth, ſtill the harbinger of quick diſgrace;
Rouſe them, at Glory's oft repeated call,
To live like heroes, or like heroes fall.
Britain!—too much reſembling *Sparta*'s ſtate,
When few had the ambition to be great;
When luxury, intemperance, and eaſe,
Had only the ſucceſsful power to pleaſe;
When party and corruption, with deep ſtealth,
Plann'd baſely to o'erturn the Commonwealth.
May ſuch Plays only grace the *Britiſh* ſtage,
As tend to better and improve the age;
Tend, by each manly, noble, lib'ral art,
To fire the genius, and enlarge the heart;
Which heroes, and which patriots may admire,
Virtue approve, and Liberty inſpire.

Now *Caledonia* lifts her aged head,
Long buried with the literary dead,
And, from the ſlumber of an hundred years,
Upon the top of *Helicon* appears.
She comes, to greet you her peculiar ſon,
To hail your race of glory now begun,
Such glory as *Parnaſſian* laurels claim,
Beyond the honours of a titl'd name.

Long *Scotia*'s ſons were famous in the field,
For might and proweſs that could never yield.
Immortal trophies long adorn'd her land,
Nobly achiev'd by Valour's ſtouteſt hand.
Through diſtant nations ſpread her martial name,
And *Scotia* and Renown were ſtill the ſame.
Scarce did her children leave the dandling knee,
By Nature warlike, as by Nature free,
When ev'ry little hand eſſay'd to wield
The ſpear, or train the courſer for the field;
Anon to lead forth armies on the foe,
Conqueſt and death attending every blow.
No muſic could tranſport them but alarms,
No exerciſe was popular but arms.
The wretch that liv'd in indolence and eaſe,
From dangers could affright, and ſoftneſs pleaſe;
Was fain to deſerts from mankind to fly,
In ſenſeleſs glooms to ſhun the public eye.
But though for warriours, vet'ran warriours, fam'd,
Few favourites there the gentle Muſes claim'd;

Save

Save the reſtorer of the claſſic phraſe,
Whoſe eulogy has half exhauſted praiſe *.
Save *Johnſon*, not ungratefully here paſt,
Nor *Thomſon*, whoſe freſh laurels ever laſt.
Nor virtuous *Blacklock*, though depriv'd of ſight,
And ſhrouded in the rayleſs gloom of night,
To whoſe ſoul Reaſon ſhines with pureſt rays,
And mental Beauty's ev'ry charm diſplays.
But now her name, wide as her conqueſts flew,
Shall boundleſs ſpread, ſpread by the Muſe and You.

* BUCHANAN.

On the Ruins of an Old ELM.

(By the ſame.)

—Arbores loquantur, non tantum feræ. PHÆD.

HAIL! age'd remains of what thou once haſt been,
When, mantled o'er with vernal foliage green,
For ſtature thy fair form unrival'd ſtood,
The landſcape's pride, and monarch of the wood.
O did a ſpark of *Pope*'s unequall'd fire
The elegiac numbers but inſpire,
From thy bare ſtump the laurel ſhould ariſe,
And thou once more affect ſublime the ſkies!

What

What revolutions, in life's ſtrange affairs,
In ſtations, places, fortunes, ſtudies, cares,
Haſt thou beheld, ſince firſt thy infant root
Did deep in earth its tender fibrils ſhoot!
To portray all, whate'er the well-earn'd praiſe,
In pointed numbers, and in faithful lays,
Would occupy the fam'd Horatian quill,
Yet (ſtrange) the catalogue imperfect ſtill;
Or his, at once his ſubject and his claim,
Who ſung the general paſſion, *Love of Fame.*
Yet ſhall the Muſe, content with aiming well,
Attempt a theme where others may *excell.*

Say, ſince thy birth, what undertakings plann'd,
What armies rais'd—a rumour to withſtand.
In ſeas of their own blood what millions drown'd,
What battles fought—about an inch of ground.
What furies veil'd in *ſacerdotal* gown,
Sent from below to turn worlds upſide-down.
What arts a ſtain on merit to affix,
What *villains* wafted in a coach and ſix,
Thouſands of Virtue's ſons obſcurely born,
Haply, the humbleſt ſtations to adorn.
What midnight lamps conſum'd—a day to fix,
What learning ſpent,—that three and three
make ſix.
What ſpleen—our merit ſuffers by compare.
What noble goodly ſtructures—built in air.
To hide us—from ourſelves, what treble bars,
What marks of honour—in love's glorious wars.
What tours to diſtant regions—in the brain.
What conteſts to ſupport— a harlot's train.

What

What engines rear'd—a rocket to expel.
What kingly favour ſhown—for pimping well.
What godlike acts of bounty—to be ſeen.
What grand contrivances—a knave to ſcreen.
What pomp of language—to deſcribe a dance.
What great reſolves—in faſhion to advance.
What factions form'd—to diſcompoſe a ſtage,
What laws to mend—the gaming of the age.
What gen'rous friendſhip—to ourſelves avow'd.
What dignity of look—his lordſhip bow'd.
What fortunes mortgag'd—that a horſe may run.
What ſtriking talents—to compoſe a pun.
What dreadful terrours—for a midge's ſting.
What ſums expended—on an inſect's wing.
What loud laments—a monkey to bewail,
What grief— for trampling on a lap-dog's tail.
What freedom us'd by each fierce ſon of thunder,
Reſolv'd—his ſword and ſheath ſhall never ſunder.
With what audacious haughty front he ſtruts,
Like yonder bull againſt ſome *tree* that butts!
By method valiant, and by piece-meal brave,
How much unlike himſelf would he behave!
To *Clodia*, ſee how quick revers'd his plan,
For *Clodia*, like a hero, kill'd his man!
Not ſo mild *Ned*, he ne'er his rapier gor'd,
And hence is threaten'd by each poltroon's ſword.
But let the muſe to other objects turn,
With indignation and with anger burn,
While ſhe but narrates, in impartial rhyme,
What paſs'd when mankind ſaw thee in thy prime.

To

To ſettle faith what ſanguine crouds in arms;
What ſet devotions paid—to *Circe*'s charms.
What recollection—at a tart reply.
What manly boldneſs—to maintain a lie.
What high debates—to fix a ſtallion's price.
What ſtrength of reaſoning—to defend a vice.
What ſtrong foretaſtes of Heav'n, what perfect bliſs,
What chaſte enjoyment—in a ſtrumpet's kiſs.
What looks of dark deſign, not to diſcloſe
A mighty ſecret—which all mankind knows.
What cordial ſhakes, with many a gen'rous vaunt;
What promiſes—to thoſe who nothing want.
What looks of honeſt meaning—to beguile.
What years attendance to obtain—a ſmile.
What learn'd advice—a freckled brow to cure,
What Chriſtian calm—a pimple to endure.
What pious multitudes to church repair,
To take a godly nap, or ſee the Fair.
How ev'ry night long *Sarco*'s fam'ly pray,
For he defrauds his cuſtomers all day.
Vano how like a ſaint, none really more,
Juſt now the doctor gave poor *Vano* o'er.
How *Caſto*'s voice in talking ſeldom ſinks,
For the beſt reaſon, *Caſto* never thinks.
How furious *Marcia*, ſtamping on the floor,
Poor *George* (black crime) forgot to ſhut the door
What obloquy—*Aurelia* ſeeks the ſhade.
What cruel jeſts—*Amanda*'s roſes fade.
What endleſs ſighs—not that *Aſpaſia*'s ill,
But O! the doctor—kept her from quadrille.

What

What joyful looks (apart) what triumphs vaſt,
Juſt now *Almira*'s huſband—breath'd his laſt.
How wedlock women—of fourteen adore,
How ſelf-deny'd to marriage—full threeſcore.
How meek *Faſtidia* gen'rouſly would wed,
Could ſhe but take a coronet to bed;
While *Chloe* ventures on a man downright,
For O—! he danc'd moſt charmingly laſt night.
How many maids to marry ſtill delay,
Becauſe (alas) no huſband comes their way;
Becauſe (at the mere thought Compaſſion ſtarts)
If wed, whole ſcores would die of broken hearts!

But who can travel through the maze of life,
Its little conteſts, buſtlings, cares, and ſtrife,
Hopes, wiſhes, fears, in quick rotation ſeen
Thy vernal bloom and thy decline between?
Sooner the eye may Spring's caſt bloſſoms count,
Or leaves in Autumn's whirling blaſts that mount.
But now alas! thy glory is no more,
Thy glory wont each ſeaſon to reſtore.
How emblematic of man's common doom,
Man, ſo conceited of his nodding plume;
Like thee, to ſee a few ſhort ſummers glide,
Then be diſrob'd of all his gorgeous pride;
Small ſpace between, howe'er his proſpects tow'r,
His rites funereal, and his natal hour!
Shall mortals then on length of years depend,
And ſtretch out life almoſt without an end;

To fortune, ſtrength, to youth, or beauty truſt,
To reſcue, or detain, them from the duſt;
When Elms themſelves, with all their proud
diſplay
Of branchy verdure, wither and decay?
Elms, that can brave the Winter's northern blaſt,
But by Time's ſtronger hand ſubdu'd at laſt.

On HARMONY.

(By the ſame.)

Dulci laborem decipitur ſono. HOR.

Inſcribed to his Brother.

ACCEPT theſe lines, my brother, and my
friend,
If kindly you approve, not vainly penn'd.
Yet all the ſtrongeſt colourings are faint,
To one who *feels* beyond what words can paint.
Muſic has charms peculiar to a man
Whoſe life is form'd on Harmony's own plan;
Whoſe actions, and their motives, ever run
With Virtue's laws in happy uniſion.
Still perſevere—then ſhall the numbers be
From ev'ry charge of *partial* friendſhip free.
But wherefore partial, ſince it is confeſt,
Thy worth moſt juſtly praiſe, who know it beſt?

Him to commend not, for pure morals fam'd,
's an expreſs affront at Virtue aim'd.
Beſides, praiſe to ingenuous minds, creates
What, by aſſumption, it already rates;
As the ſame ſun-beam, that adorns the flower,
Matures its lenient ſweets and healing power.

Hail, Harmony! hail, native of the ſkies,
Where thou art wont before the throne to riſe,
On golden harp, with angels all on flame,
To celebrate the dread Eternal Name!
Seraphic charmer, hail! to man ſend down
To ſoften into ſmiles Misfortune's frown:
Sent down the joys of *Eden* to reſtore,
This pledge of higher, when life's drama's o'er;
When, from the droſs of elements refin'd,
He lives all pure and unembodied mind;
With ſpirits lives, whoſe vaſt durations run
Thro' ages never ended, ſtill begun.
Spirits, like him, once in probation tried,
No matter, though in different mode, allied;
In higher ranks, by no *firſt ſtain* diſgrac'd,
Of intuition, thought, and reaſon plac'd.
There, heav'n-taught art! in Glory's native clime,
Thy touches of the tender, and ſublime,
The ſweet, the grand, the melting, and the ſoft,
That languiſh, or majeſtic ſwell aloft,
With uncreated energy of ſound,
Shall make infinitude of ſpace rebound;

Rouſe to high flame Devotion's hallow'd fires,
A flame, heart-kindled flame, that ne'er expires;
Which to an angel the mere mortal turns,
And only in celeſtial boſoms burns.

Hail! living type of man deſign'd to be,
When all his various active pow'rs agree;
Or, join'd with diſcord, aptly to define
His complex nature, earthly and divine:
Diſcord his emblem, when his paſſions jar,
And rage tumultuous in eternal war!

Each paſſion acts obſequious to thy pow'r,
Riſes or falls, in the ſame conſcious hour;
While human ſkill, in impotent eſſays,
Would labour *that* to calm, or *this* to raiſe.
Vengeance ſits brooding o'er the darken'd face,
In ſullen gloom eclips'd each ſocial grace;
Or, ſhrinking from the raſh vindictive vow,
Smiles ſweet Forgiveneſs with an angel's brow.
Anger within indomitable ſtorms,
And all the ruffled countenance deforms;
Or Meekneſs, mov'd not by the harſh reply,
Softens each beam that vibrates from the eye.

When all the charms of oratory fail
To rouſe the ſoul, thy pathos can prevail.
Let *Cicero* his wordy thunder wield,
If *Orpheus* plays, the *Roman* boaſt muſt yield.
That vigour to a ſenate-houſe might give,
This made ev'n things inanimate to live.
When Reaſon, on her dictatorial throne,
Argues and pleads, with undeciſive tone;

Thy

Thy rhetoric of ſound, beyond her aid,
Thy lyre-breath'd ſtrains of language can perſuade.

Oh! at that criſis of alarming fate,
Juſt to commence a new eternal ſtate;
When, like a broken reed, or trembling aſp,
All human comfort ſinks beneath my graſp;
When friends, ſuffus'd in ſorrow and deſpair,
Expreſs their anguiſh, but no hopes declare,
With downcaſt looks, and ſighs-returning breath,
Adding a dread ſolemnity to death:
Oh! by Religion made a welcome gueſt,
Thy habitation, ſeraph, be my breaſt,
To ſooth the ſpirit, ſoon it's flight to wing,
And to each thought celeſtial requiems ſing!

The MONOPOLIST.

By Mr. S———n.

——— *omnes*
Vicini oderunt, nati, pueri, atque puellæ:
Miraris, quum tu argento poſt omnia ponas,
Si nemo præſtet quem non merearis amorem. Hor.

STR—N, condemn'd to love of *gain*,
Tortures for this his little brain;
Juſt knowing, all his powers implied,
His right hand from his left beſide.

His

His daily unremitted care,
Nor fame nor glory is to ſhare;
But all juſt boundaries to paſs,
Break the twelfth precept, and *amaſs:*
No matter how, or where, or when,
If, but in lucky hour, he *can.*
His GOD, his conſcience, and his neighbour,
Are all involv'd in this one labour.
His meat, his drink, his ſleep, his all,
You fitly may his money call.
He thinks each Chriſtian duty paid,
If he can but enlarge his trade;
His trade, by all *mean* ſhifts combin'd,
To pinch, diſtreſs, and cheat mankind.
He thinks nought ſinful that's conceal'd,
No crime forbidden till reveal'd;
Forgets himſelf a *man*, that he
May, *fiend-like*, from reſtraints be free:
A plan of action that defies,
At one bold ſtroke, both earth and ſkies;
A plan, far from his darling ſum,
To *damn him* in the world to come.

When ſeaſons frown upon mankind,
Againſt us heav'n and earth combin'd;
When Plenty ſhuts her bounteous hand,
And Want, dire Want, invades our land;
He ſteps abroad with viſage drear,
To add freſh horrors to the year;
Amid Deſpair's ſurrounding gloom,
To aggravate the general doom;

Aſſiſt the vengeance of the ſkies,
Nor fall himſelf a ſacrifice.
No; GOD ſpares Str—n, to fulfil
On rude rebellious man his will;
This done, himſelf, unwept, ſhall fall,
The vileſt, and the worſt of all.
No mercy's thus to Str—n ſhown,
Daily his guilt ſtill deeper grown:
And, as his ſins riſe in degree,
His final puniſhment ſhall be.

What! gentle to a wretch, whoſe views
So much inſult the heav'n-born Muſe!
Inſult Humanity's great law,
Without which we breath vainly draw!
Inſult Diſtreſs's tear-ſwoln eye!
Inſult Misfortune's burſting ſigh!
A wretch, who, with inſidious grin,
An emblem of the *fiend* within:
Can baſely hatch a thouſand lies,
If his demands may thereby riſe;
Feign ſcarcity, when through the plains,
In ſmiles array'd, Abundance reigns:
A wretch, if ought but coward vile,
Trembling if you but ceaſe to ſmile,
Who has purloin'd his *neighbour's cote*,
For pelf, or cut his beſt friend's throat!
A wretch, who would exult to find
Heav'n no more gracious to mankind!
Snatch from Omnipotence the rod,
And act a *Tyrant*, for a God!

His Bible's firſt command deſpiſe,
And, back'd by hell, Monopolize!
Mercy were, here, to Worth unkind;
Compaſſion, littleneſs of mind.
When *ſnakes* untwiſt their deadly folds,
Who ſtrangely pities that beholds?
When *wolves* for ſlaughter lie in wait,
Who careleſs would brood o'er his fate;
Nor ſnatch the inſtrument of death,
And claim the ruffian's forfeit breath?

Riſe, Satire, and, to gain renown,
Aſſume the *Juvenalian* frown;
Riſe, in majeſtic terrour riſe,
Darting ſwift vengeance from thy eyes;
Let torrents daſhing down the rock,
Leſs than thy furious numbers ſhock;
Be no ſoft ſoothing ſtrains thy choice,
But the ſonorous Thunder's voice.
Quick let the *ſerpent*'s venom dart,
To reach the inly-quiv'ring heart;
Along each nerve-ſtring let it glow,
And to life's laſt receſſes flow!
Better one his deſerts ſhould ſhare,
Than thouſands ſink in deep deſpair;
Reduc'd to Hunger's lateſt throb,
And almoſt juſtified to rob.

If thoſe we loudly cenſure, plac'd
On printing-thrones, too oft diſgrac'd;
Who ſlaughter with unfeeling hand,
And ſpread deſtruction through the land;

Allur'd

Allur'd by Glory's ſpecious call,
And ſurnam'd *heroes* if they fall:
How ſhould we execrate the wretch,
Or how his horrid portrait ſketch,
Who pleas'd, can in cool blood obſerve,
His *fellow-men* unpitied,—ſtarve!
Sport with their hardſhips; at each ſhock
Of dire diſtreſs, inhuman mock!
Riot on their heart-rending woes,
His gold (curs'd gold!) increas'd with thoſe!
No gilded mite he calls his own,
But coſt ſome guiltleſs heart a groan:
From Grief's half-dried-up ſluices brought
A tear, with many a pang of thought.
That groan, howe'er enlarg'd his purſe,
Shall prove his everlaſting curſe;
That tear, juſt guſhing from the eyes,
Againſt his crimes in judgement riſe.
What covert then ſhall ſcreen his head
From Heav'n's vindictive ſentence dread?
Vainly around imploring aid,
What tongue of angels intercede?
What arm, omnipotently great,
Snatch him ſuſpended o'er his fate?
Ten thouſand curſes muſt conſpire,
To heat, eternally, his fire;
To twitch him in life's quickeſt part,
And wreathe, like adders, round his heart.

Behold! where *Str—n* built a hut,
The door, as in deſpair, faſt ſhut,

Around a hearth, where fire once burn'd,
With fix'd eyes on each other turn'd;
Almoſt by Mercy's ſelf forſook,
Anguiſh deep ſtamp'd on every look;
Two wretched children, ah! behold,
Pallid with want, and pinch'd with cold!
Wretched—not for themſelves—alas!
Far deeper rankles their diſtreſs!—
Around, while huſks would each revive,
Their brethren croud, ſcarce half alive.
One on the chair languid lies,
And ſtaggers, if in act to riſe!
Another gaunts, with piercing eye,
Would, famiſh'd, ſeize ſome guardleſs flie!
A third, in fix'd attention dumb,
Rakes the parch'd aſhes for a crumb!
The other, ſcarce with thought endu'd,
Mangles his very nails for food!
The elder brother's forc'd to ſee
The youngeſt ſink upon his knee!
That round his brother's neck's decreed
To die in agony of need!
Deep, grave-like ſilence reigns about,
All's hopeleſs ſolitude throughout;
Save where, on broken buff-ſtool ſet,
The Trifler's plac'd, his wonted pet,
Waiting her ſcanty pittance long,
While ſhe rechants her doleful ſong.

What heart, that e'er compunction felt,
Would not o'er ſuch diſtreſſes melt!
What but a *Monſter*, cas'd in ſteel,
And form'd incapable to feel!

Shall we to ſavage-wilds repair,
To find this human *Monſter* there?
In ſome inhoſpitable ſhore,
With tygers, wolves, and bears, explore?
No; in BRITANNIA's native ſtreets,
One daily this fell *Monſter* meets.
Haſte, reader, his dread haunts eſcape,
A vulture for his prey agape.
And, Oh! the ſervile taſk excuſe,
So foul a picture to peruſe.
The pen how deſpicably mean,
To touch a ſubject ſo unclean!
That had contended for the bays
In ſome immortal hero's praiſe;
Such heroes as BRITANNIA boaſts,
The grace and bulwark of her coaſt *!
How could the numbers condeſcend
With ſuch a pigmy to contend!
How proſtitute their ſacred rage,
A dunghill-worm to engage!
Yet, poor amends! we next muſt add
His character moſt amply bad;
So, gentle reader, pray compoſe
Your ruffled brow, and ſtraight your noſe.

* Written in the year 1762.

AGATHOCLES,

A Living CHARACTER.

By Mr. S——on.

Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur. HOR.

A Bard, whoſe laurel never dies,
To women characters denies.
But, with more juſtice from his pen,
He might have hence degraded men;
Or chang'd his note, with cadence ſaid;
Better no characters, than bad.
T'Agathocles our ſatire falls,
Him Fame for an example calls.
Phantaſtic humour, oddneſs, whim,
Are our juſt character of him.
Bleſs'd with a fond and virtuous wife,
That firſt-rate happineſs of life;
Eſtem'd for prudence, and for ſenſe,
Her love of Virtue no pretence;
In authors juſt diſcreetly read,
Agreeable, polite, well-bred;
Whom none behold without reſpect,
And but a blockhead could neglect:
With this fair, kind companion bleſt,
He's taſteleſs —— Reader, gueſs the reſt.
Yet, ſlighted thus his own, he *ſtrives*
To dote on other people's wives.

So

So hugely fond *would* he appear,
He ſcarce can bear a rival near.
His goddeſs by the hand to take,
Would all his jealouſy awake;
Ruffle his righteous ſpirit more,
Than if his —— became a ——
The very huſband ſcarce can ſmile,
If he but preſent is the while.
Nor need uxorious pride take fire,
Agathocles has no *deſire*.
He ſcarce his tremblings can command,
Only to touch the fair one's hand.
But thus he well preſerves his name,
From ſheepiſh fear, and coward ſhame.
The blood would his plump cheeks forſake,
Were he a balmy kiſs to take;
But here, not Virtue influences,
Nor modeſty, his torpid ſenſes.
Some men are good, for reaſon ſad,
They have not courage to be bad;
The will inclines, but in its part,
From downright inſtinct, fails the heart.
Agathocles can boaſt no merit,
But mere want of addreſs and ſpirit.

What happineſs, to all around,
In our proud *Sultan*'s favour found!
Thus pleaſing but himſelf, he ſhows,
The charming art to pleaſe he knows.
While he but gratifies *his ſenſes*,
Joy in proportion he diſpenſes;

As,

As, fed by juices from the ground,
Oaks ſpread a kind protection round;
For he, bleſs'd with his darling fair,
His conſtant *unuxorious* care;
Oft from pure gratitude, as due,
Their *diſtant* mates obliges too.

You aſk if theſe ſultanas are
Charming ſurpaſſingly and fair,
Somewhat to juſtify his taſte,
And fondneſs, ſo abſurdly plac'd!
No; but ineffably outſhone
By her whom wedlock makes his own;
Outſhone in manners, ſenſe, and wit,
Don Quixotte-like were he not ſmit.
But only novelties are rated,
Clara's long ſince domeſticated.

But let not *Clara* take amiſs
So whimſical a ſcene as this.
Beneath her own auſpicious roof,
(How can the Muſe refrain reproof?)
Others, though *Clara* never err'd,
To her romanticly preferr'd.
Thus ſhe eſcapes much awkward love,
That would almoſt one's ſtomach move.
Herſelf in peace and calm enjoys,
And, as ſhe likes, her time employs.
At all if anxious, hence the ſmart,
Leſt from her mate his whims depart;
When too, with all their vapours on,
Her doughty rivals would be gone.

Ah!

Ah! what a ſtorm would then break out,
And burſt in thunder all about?
Oaths, curſes, and I know not what
Of little, dirty, peeviſh chat;
Though with much modeſty we rate,
Enough to outnoiſe Billingſgate.
In chair, at deſk ſit ſulky down,
How does he lower, gloom, and frown!
Loll tongue in cheek, in ſullen mood,
Or bite his nails, or ſpurn his food!
His voice in perfect fury raiſe,
Finding groſs fault where he ſhould praiſe!
A—w, his ſon, call, roundly ſcold,
Neglecting—what he ne'er was told!
And then impatient for poor *B—ll*,
That he may rant and rave his fill;
G—e next he ſcolds, who has long prov'd,
He neither dreaded is, nor lov'd.

How does our piddling 'ſquire appear,
With *H—y*'s three hundred pounds a-year?
As void of manners, taſte, and ſenſe,
As he who counts but ſo much pence.
What value, then, has Fortune's favours,
Unbought by Virtue's fond endeavours?
Yes; thou, *Agathocles*, does ſhow,
How God deſpiſes wealth below.
See yonder Heaven's protected ſaint!
He ſcorns to utter one complaint,
Although (bluſh! bluſh! ye *Scarlet-clad*)
He boaſts no more than daily bread.

And

And why? our ſaint muſt ſhortly riſe,
To live an angel in the ſkies.
Gold would pollute him, and debaſe,
As ſpots obſcure the diamond's blaze.
Oft Fortune makes (fine raree-ſhow!)
A *fool* more eminently ſo.
A *ſimple fellow*, at the ſpade,
Paſſes, as ſuited to his trade;
But *coach'd*, and poſting thro' the city,
Could you behold him without pity?
Agathocles, but drive a plough,
Much will you be reſpected now;
Your manners and behaviour paſs
Full-well with many a cottier-laſs:
But plac'd beneath a lofty roof,
While worthy men muſt ſtand aloof;
Set at your table's ample ſide,
In haughty ſtate and formal pride;
Who can behold you damn'd by ſtation,
Without diſguſt and indignation?
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *.

Say not, with half offended air,
H—y's pointed ſatire's too ſevere.
The picture's juſtly ſketched, you own,
Yet blame ſo little mercy ſhown.
Mercy, or out of mode, or time,
Becomes, in Virtue's eye, a crime.
Improper objects too to chuſe,
s juſtice groſsly to abuſe.

Mercy to all the ſpecies, calls,
When juſtice on delinquents falls.
The colours might be deeper ſtill,
Did candour not reſtrain the quill.
Only the outlines have I drawn,
Then kindly interpos'd the lawn;
Yet ſtill preſerv'd thy likeneſs ſo,
That better you yourſelf may know.
Mankind, attentive ſeldom be,
Or ſtrict reſemblance they would ſee;
Nor let the bold ſatiric page
Here read a *lecture to the age*;
Nor by one (whom I now explore)
Aptly epitomize a ſcore.
Agathocles now ſingle ſtands,
And ſingly him the ſatire brands.
Nor his caprices do I call,
The whims and oddities of all.

The whole employment of his life,
Checker'd abundantly with ſtrife,
Is the ſublime taſk—not of thinking,
Nor eating (like his men) and drinking;
Nor ſaunt'ring 'mong his oaks and elms,
While kindred gloom his ſoul o'erwhelms;
But gazing whole days on a book,
With idiot emptineſs of look;
Feaſting his eye, his ſmell, his taſte,
Not amidſt fine orchards plac'd;
But quiet alone, his pleaſures ſtrike
That ſcarce one neighbour boaſts the like.

If his bold neighbour does commend,
His fields t' enlarge, his groves extend;
Increaſe his price, augment his dues,
Him (ſtrange!) how kindly do you uſe!
His taſte, ſuperior taſte! aſſert,
You joyous then expand his heart.

So little MAN in him we trace,
He ſcarce can look you in the face;
So much with BOYISH ſhame confus'd,
To manly cares ſo little us'd.
And whence that DARK reſerve of look?
(How oft for modeſty miſtook!)
From ſome bad conſciouſneſs within,
That would in act amount to ſin;
Some ſtrange ambiguous caſt of thought,
That nothing fears but to be caught;
Dreading leſt in his features we
His *naked heart* detected ſee.

Silent becauſe he's forc'd to be,
From downright pure—inanity;
Whoe'er the *ſin of ſpeech* commits,
He pouts, he frowns, he coughs, he ſpits;
Or elſe exclaims, to vent his ſpleen,
" G—'s curſe! what do the babblers mean?"
To laugh, though it you fitly time,
With him is to commit a crime.
And why? becauſe the Ass can ſee,
He has no merit in the glee.
His ſtoiciſm's here all ſpite,
He ne'er could yet a laugh excite;

Unleſs

Unleſs at *ridicule*'s arch call,
The jeſt *aim'd at himſelf* by all.
He lives, which many years have prov'd,
Scarce once reſpected, or belov'd;
And, when his latter end draws nigh,
Shall as ſure unlamented die.

If theſe, a large but true account,
With men to character amount,
Then charact'ris'd our hero call,
Although *he* muſt be *damn'd* with all;
Damn'd by the candid, good, and wiſe,
Till the laſt ſpark of virtue dies.

Let mankind then aſtoniſh'd be,
Nor fabulous the *centaur* ſee.
The keeneſt pen *him* mildly uſes,
Who groſsly all mankind abuſes;
Who the foul trump of Slander fills,
Deſpiſes the command, and *kills*.
And why flows ſcandal from his tongue,
By baneful aſps and vipers ſtung,
Why from the dunghill of his lips,
Whence Malice her black poiſon ſips,
Iſſues Detraction's venom'd rage?
Hence, he's the *vileſt of the age!*
For meanneſs unexampled lives,
And merits that abuſe he gives;
Would thus, wrapt up in thin diſguiſe,
Divert the world's obſerving eyes.
Curs'd he, who vile himſelf and low,
Would have his fellow-mortals ſo!

Thus, as his empty *cloven head*,
Draws near the frontiers of the dead;
Who once the thought can entertain,
An age to have conſum'd in vain?
Caſt into life (while angels weep)
Moſt glorioufly to—*eat* and *ſleep*;
Then *drop*, with carcaſe amply fed,
Among the reptile-mangled dead!
Scarce ſpoke one ſentence, to reflect
On his ſurviving name reſpect!
Scarce done one action to engage
The love of an applauding age!
But in oblivion dread to fall,
Like the *dumb tenants* of the *ſtall!*

Without ſome ſacred fund of bliſs,
For other worlds juſt leaving this;
Something to give the ſoul content,
Reſulting from a life well-ſpent;
How leſs than nothing in our view
Riches appear, and honours too?
What then can ſweeten fate's dread cup,
Or keep the ſinking ſpirits up?
When Virtue's abſent, what can ſave
From the black horrors of the grave?
Sunk in the darkeſt deep of guilt,
Hope on no ſure foundation built;
No friends can his afflictions ſoothe,
Or Death's rough, thorny, paſſage ſmoothe:
Left to the torture of his mind,
They ſhrink unfeeling all behind!

Of

Of manhood, peace, and joy forſook,
With terrour pictur'd in his look,
All doubt, diſtraction, gloom, deſpair,
He ſinks down, low, he knows not where!

Agathocles then, ere too late,
Think on this criſis of your fate.
This will the Muſe's fee diſcharge,
For thus deſcribing you at large.

Thus has the pencil been employ'd,
(Much with the taſk its maſter cloy'd)
To draw that portrait, which requir'd
A genius like a SWIFT's inſpir'd.
O! did it occupy ſome place,
A Pharos to the human race,
Some ſtation between earth and ſky,
To ſtrike the univerſal eye!
Yet had undrawn the picture been,
A novelty had paſs'd unſeen;
Had Satire's voice been ſilent, when
This great original of men
Juſtly provok'd her honeſt rage,
And offer'd laurels to the page;
The ſtones themſelves had ſilence broke,
And, to mankind's amazement, ſpoke.

Yet, though gall in abundance flows,
No groſs abuſe the verſe beſtows.
Though keen its flight the arrow wings,
No poiſon it from malice brings.

Had the HORATIAN quill been mine,
Or, YOUNG, thou BRITISH FLACCUS, thine!
Not Zephyr-like, through oſiers wreath'd,
My ſtrains had innocently breath'd,
But loud and terrible, awoke,
And with the voice of thunder ſpoke;
Sublime on eagle's pinion roſe,
Above the grov'ling flights of proſe.
To add this Muckworm's *Name* I'd venture,
'Tis W——m S——n, a mean P——r.

THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND:*

OR THE

HUNTES of CHEVET;

Commonly called

CHEVY CHASE.

THE Perſé out of Northumberlande,
A vowe to God mayd he,
That he would hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat days three,
In ſpighte of the doughtè Douglas,
And all that with him be.

* This is one of the earlieſt Productions of the *Scottiſh* Preſs now to be found. It was printed at *Edinburgh* in 1540; and, although the ingenious Mr. *Percy*, in his Reliques of Ancient *Engliſh* Poetry, has inſerted this Ballad; any diſcerning Reader will eaſily diſcover the Author to be a *Scotſman*.

That

That the fattiſte hartes in Cheviat
He ſhould kyll, and carry away:
Be my fayth, ſayd the doughtè Douglas agayn,
That huntyng I'll let yf I may.

Then the Perſé out of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtee meany:
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
Choſen men out of ſhyars three.

This began on a monanday at morn
In Cheviate the hillys ſo hie,
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
The hunting of that day.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear,
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then they wyld thorowe the woods went
On every ſyde ſhear,
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

Aboon the Chyviat hyls they began,
Yerly on a monnynday;
Be that it drewe to the oware of none
A hondrith fat hartes did there lay.

They blwe a mort uppon the bent,
  They ſemblyd on ſydis ſhear;
To the quyrry then the Perſê went
  To the bryttlyng off the deare.

He ſayd, It was the Douglas intent
  This day to met me heer;
But if I wyſte he'd faylle verament:
  A gret oath did he ſwear.

At laſte a ſquyar of Northomberlande
  Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war o' the doughetie Douglas at hand
  With him a myghtè meany,

Both with ſpear, byll, and brande:
  Yt was a mighty ſight to ſe.
Hardyar men both off hart nor hande
  Wear not in Chriſtiantè.

They wear twelve hondrith ſpear-men good
  Withouten any fayle;
All borne a-long by the watter o' Twyde,
  Y' the boundes of Tividale.

Leave off your brytlyng o' dear, he ſayde,
  To your bows tayk nou good heed;
For never ſithe on your mothars borne
  Had ye ſic muckle need.

The dougheti Douglas on a ſtede
He rode, his men before;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barone ne'er bore.

Tell me "What men ye are", he ſays,
"Or whos men that ye be:
"Who gave you leave to hunte in this
"Chyviat chays in ſpyte of me?"

The firſt man that him anſwer mayd,
Yt was the good lord Perſè:
"We wyll not tell thee what we ar," he ſayd
"Nor whos men that we be;
"But we wyll hount hear in this chays
"In ſpyte of thyne, and thee."

"The fattiſte hartes in Chyviat chays
"We have kyld, and caſt to carry a-way.
"Be my troth, then the doughty Douglas ſays,
"Therfore t' one of us ſhall die this day."

The doughtè Douglas added then,
Unto the lord Perſè:
To kyll all thes giltles men,
Alas! it wear great pittè.

But, Perſè, thowe art a Lord of lande,
I am Erle in my contrè;
Let all our men apart ſtill ſtande,
And do the battell of thee and me.

Now Criſtes cors on his crowne, ſayd Perſe,
Whoſoever thereto ſays nay.
Be my troth, Douglas, although daughté,
Thou ſhalt never ſee that day.

Nethar in Ynglande, Skottlande, nor France,
Nay, for no man of woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar meet him one man for one.

Then beſpayke a ſquyar off Northomberlande,
Ric. Wytharynton was his naim;
It ſhall never be told in Sothe-Ynglande,
To kyng Henry the Forth for ſhaim.

I wat youe bee great lordes twa,
I am a poor ſquyar of lande;
I'll never ſe my captayne fyght on a fylde
And my-ſelffe looke on, and ſtande;
By whyll I may my weppone welde
I'll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dreadful day:
The firſt FIT here I fynde.
And you wyll here mor hontyng at Chyviat,
Yet ys ther mor behynd.

THE

THE SECOND PART.

THE Yngliſhe men had theyr bowys yebent,
Theyr hartes were good yenoughe;
The firſt flyght of arros that they ſent,
Seven ſkore ſpear-men they ſloughe.

Yet bydys Yerle Douglas upon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was ſoon ſene verament,
For he wrought both woo and wouche.

The Douglas pertyd his hoſt in three,
Lyk a cheffe cheften of pryde,
With ſuar ſpeares of myghttè tree
They cum in on every ſyde.

Thrughe the Ynglyſhe archery
Give many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughetè they garde to dy,
Which ganyde them meikle pryde.

The Ynglyſhe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that were bright,
It was a hevy ſyght to ſee
Bryght ſwordes on baſnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many ſterne ſtroke downe ſtreght.
Many a freyke, that was full fre,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At laſt the Douglas and the Perſè met,
  Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
They ſwapte togethar tyll they both ſwat
  With ſwordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
  Thereto they wear full fayne.
Tyll the bloode owte off thear baſnetes ſprente,
  As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde thee, Perſè, ſaid the Douglas,
  And ỉ' faith I ſhall thee brynge
Where thowe ſhalte have a yerl's wagis
  Of James our Scottiſh kynge.

Thou ſhalte have thy ranſom fre,
  I hight thee hear this thinge,
For the manfullyſte man yet art thowe,
  I ever conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay then ſayd the lord Perſè,
  I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yeld to thee,
  Nor to no man of woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe haſtely
  Forthe off a mightie wane,
Hit hathe ſtrekene the yerle Douglas
  In at the breſt bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs baithe
The ſharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe
Spake he maire wordes than ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men,
For my lyffe days be gane.

The Perſê leanyde on his brande,
And ſawe the Douglas dee;
He tooke the dede man by the hande,
And ſayd, Wo ys me for thee!

To have ſavyde thy lyffe I wolde have my lande
Parted with for years three,
For a better man of hart or hande
Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that ſe a Skottiſh knyght,
Called Sir Hewe Mongonyrry,
He ſawe the Douglas to deth dyght;
He ſpendyd ſpear of truſti tree:

He rod uppon a a corſiare
Throughe a hondrith archery,
He never ſtyntyde, nar neve blane
Tyll he cam to the good lord Perſê

He ſet uppone the lorde Perſê
A dynte, that was full ſoare;
With his ſuar ſpear of mightè tre
Clean thorow Perſê's bodie bore,

A the tothar ſyde, a man myght ſe,
  A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Criſtiantè,
  Then that day ſlain wear thare.

An archar off Northomberlande
  Sawe ſlean was the lord Perſè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
  Was made off truſti tree:

An arrowe, that a claith yarde was lang,
  To th' harde ſtele halyde he;
A dynt, that was baith ſad and ſare,
  He ſat on Sir Hewe Mongonyrry.

The dynt yt was baith ſad and ſare,
  That he of Mongonyrry ſete;
The ſwane-fethars, that his arrowe bare,
  With his hart blood they wear wete.

There was never a freak a foot wolde flee,
  But ſtill in ſtour dyd ſtand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll they myght dree,
  With many a baleful brande.

This battell began in Chyviat
  An owar befor the none,
And when even-ſong bell was rang
  The battell was nae half done.

The

They tooke 'on' on hethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no ſtrength for to ſtande,
In Chyviate hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twelve hondrith ſpear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear ſlayne Cheviat within:
They had no ſtrengthe to ſtand on he:
The chyld may rue that ys unborne,
It was the mor pitte.

Thear was ſlayne with the lord Perſe
Sir John of Agerſtone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bold Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthy Lovele
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugby
With dyntes war beaten downe.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wae,
That ever he ſlayne ſhulde bee;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in twa
Knyling, he fought on hys knee.

Ther

Ther was ſlayne with the dougheti Douglas
  Sir Hewe Mongonyrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthy was,
  His ſiſtar's ſon was he:

Sir Charles a Murry, in that place,
  That never a foot wolde flee;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
  With the Douglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe they made them byears
  Off byrch, and haſell ſo 'gray';
Many widous with wepying tears,
  Cam to fatch their makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
  Northombarland may mayk grat mone,
For towe ſuch captayns, as ſlayne wear thear,
  On the march perti ſhall never be none.

Word ys commyn to Eddenburrowe
  To James our Skottiſhe kyng,
That dougheti Douglas, luff-tenant of the Merches,
  He lay ſlean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
  He ſayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such anothar captayn Skotland within,
  He ſayd, ſhuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to Londone towne,
Till the fourth Harry their kyng,
That lord Perſe, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
He lay ſlayn Chyviat within.

God have merci on his ſoll, ſayd kyng Harry,
Good Lord, yf thy will it be!
A hondrith captayns in Ynglonde tarry,
As good as ever was he:

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Douglas and the Perſe met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the ſtrete.

Jheſue Chriſt our balys bete,
And to the blyſs us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God ſend us good endyng!

The Thiſtle *and the* Roſe,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature choſe,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A POEM, *in Honour of* Margaret, *Daughter to* Henry VII. *of* England, *Queen to* James IV. *King of* Scots.

(By Mr. W. Dunbar.)

I.

QUHEN *Merch* with variand winds was overpaſt,
And ſweit *Apryle* had with his ſilver ſhowers
Tane leif of nature, with an orient blaſt,
And luſty *May*, * that mudder is of flowers,
Had maid the birds begin by tymous hours;
Amang the tendir odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir was grit delyt.

II.

In bed at morrow, ſleiping as I lay,
Methocht *Aurora* with her rubic ene,
In at my window lukit by the day, †

* *Luſty May.* Deſireable *May.* Luſty through theſe poems is an epithet frequently us'd in this ſenſe; alſo in our language it expreſſes, youthful, blooming, large, jolly.

† *Lukit by the day.* Looked in at my Window by day or the dawning.

And

And halſit ‡ me, with viſage pale and grene,
Upon her hand a lark ſang frae the ſplene,
Luvers, awake out of your ſlumbering,
Se how the luſty morning dois upſpring.

III.

Methocht freſh *May* before my bed upſtood,
In weid depainted of ilk diverſe hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of Menſuetude, §
In bright atyre of flowers, all forgete new,
Of heavenly colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus beims,
Quhyle all the houſe ilumynt with her leims.

IV.

Slugart, ſcho ſaid, awake annon, for ſchame,
And in my honour ſumthing thou gae wryte;
The lark has done, the merry day proclaim,
Luvers to rais with comfort and delyte,
Will nocht increaſe thy courage to indyt;
Quhaſe heart ſomtyme has glad and bliſsfull bene,
Sangs oft to mak under the brenches grene.

V.

Quherto, quoth I, ſall I upryſe at morrow,
For in thy month few birds haif I hard ſing,
Thay haif mair cauſe to weip and plein their ſorrow:

‡ *Halſit.* Hail'd or ſaluted.
§ *Menſuetude*, mildneſs, or good humour.

Thy air it is not holſum nor benyng,
Lord *Eolus* dois in thy ſeaſon ring,
Sae bouſteous ar the blaſts of his ſhill horn,
Amang thy bews to walk I haif forborn.

VI.

With that the lady ſoberly did ſmyle,
And ſaid, upryſe and do thy obſervance:*
Thou did promiſt in *Mayis* luſty quhyle,
Then to diſcryve the *ROSE* of moſt pleſance.
Go ſee the birds how they ſing and dance,
And how the ſkyes iluminat ar bricht,
Enamylt richly with new azure licht.

VII.

Quhen this was ſaid, away then went the quene,
And entert in a luſty garden gent;
And then methocht, full haſtylie beſene,
In ſark and mantle after her I went
Into this garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flowir, and tender plants moſt ſweit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

* *Do thy obſervance*, perform thy duty or reſpects. Here 'tis proper we take notice of the cadency of ſuch words many in that age being pronounced long that now are expreſſed ſhort: But our union with *France*, and *French* auxiliaries ſo often in *Scotland* at that time, can eaſily account for that manner of pronunciation.

VIII.

The pourpour ſun, with tender rayis reid,
In orient bricht as angel did appeir,
Throu golden ſkys advancing up his heid.
Whoſe gildet treſſes ſchone ſae wonder cleir,
That all the warld tuke comfort far and neir,
To luke upon his freſh and bliſsful face,
Doing all ſable frae the heavenis chaçe.

IX.

And as the bliſsful ſun drave up the ſky,
All nature ſang thro comfort of the licht;
The minſtrells wingd with open voyces cry,
O luvers now is fled the dully nicht,
Come welcome day that comforts every wicht.
Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* ſhene,
Hail princeſs nature, hail luves hartſome quene.

X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibition ther
To *Neptune* fers and *Eolus* the bauld,
Not to perturb the water nor the air,
That nowther blaſhy ſhower, nor blaſts mair cauld
Suld flowirs effray nor fowles upon the fauld.
Scho bad eik *Juno* goddes of the ſky,
That ſcho the heaven ſuld keep amene and dry.

XI.

Alsſcho ordaind that every bird and beiſt
Before her hieneſs ſuld annone compeir,

And

And every flowir of Virtue maiſt and leiſt,
And every herb in fair field far and neir,
As they had wont in *May* frae yeir to yeir;
To hir thair quene to mak obediens,
Full law inclynand with dew reverens. *

XII.

With that annone ſcho ſent the ſwift fute *Roe*,
To bring in alkind beiſt frae dale and doun,
The reſtleſs *Swallow* ordert ſcho to go,
And fetch all fowl of ſmall and grit renown,
And to gar flowris appeir of all faſſoun:
Fully craftely conjurit ſhe the *Yarrow*.
Quhilk did forth ſwirk as ſwift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All brocht in were, in twynkling of an ee,
Baith *beiſt* and *bird* and *flowir* before the *Quene*,
And firſt the *Lyon* greateſt of degre
Was ſummoned ther, and he, fair to be ſene,
With a full hard countenance and kene,
Before *dame Nature* came, and did inclyne,
With viſage bauld, and courage leonyne. †

XIV.

This awful beiſt was terrible of cheir,
Perſing of luke, and ſtout of countenance,

* *Obediens* and *Reverens*, as obſerved before in the words *Obſervance* and *Pleſance*, muſt be accented *long*.

† *Courage Leonyne.* This perhaps may be ſmil'd at, but there's as much reaſon to laugh at the modern phraſe of one's looking like himſelf.

Right

Right ſtrong of corps, of faſſon fair, bot feir,
Luſty of ſhape, licht of deliverance,
Reid of his colour, as the ruby glance:
In feild of gold he ſtude full rampantly,
With flowr-de-lyces circlet pleaſantly.

XV.

This *lady* liftit up his cluves ſae cleir,
And lute him liftlie lein upon hir knee,
And crownit him with diadem full deir,
Of radyous ſtanes miſt ryall there to ſee,
Saying, the king of all beiſts mak I thee,
And the protector chief in wodes and ſchaws,
Go furth, and to thy leiges keip the laws.*

XVI.

Juſtice exerce, with mercy and conſciens,
And let nae ſmall beiſt ſuffir ſkaith nor ſkorns,
Of greiter beiſts that bein of more puſiance.
Do law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
And lat na bowgle with his bouſteous horns
Oppreſs the meik pluch Ox, for all his pryd,
But in the yok go quietly him beſyd.

* Were one to illuſtrate every poetical beauty that ſtrikes the imagination ſo agreeably, he would ſwell the notes too much, and rob the reader of a pleaſure which is his own property; wherefore ſuch annotations are declined. When raviſhed with any pleaſure, tho' it be obvious to every by-ſtander, yet we cannot help expreſſing what delights us, when there is not the leaſt occaſion for information. This is the caſe, on reading this excellent deſcription of the Lyon and the *Scots* Arms, never ſo happily blazoned.

XVII.

XVII.

When this was ſaid, with noyſe and ſound of joy,
All kynd of quadrupeds in thair degree,
Attains cryd, *laud*, and then, *vive le roy*;
Syne at his feit fell with humility;
To him they all made homage and feiltie;
And he did him reſaif with princely laits,
Whoſe noble yre his greitneſs mitigates.

XVIII.

Syne crownit ſcho the *Eagle* king of fowls;
And ſharp as darts of ſteil ſcho made his penns,
And bad him be as juſt to *Whaps* and *Owls*,
As unto *Peakoks*, *Papingos*, or *Crans*,
And mak ane law of *wicht fowls* and for *Wrens*,
And let nae fowl of rapine do affray,
Nor birds devore but his own proper prey.

XIX.

Then callt ſcho all the flowirs grew in the field,
Diſcryving all thair faſſons and affeirs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE ſhe beheld,
And ſaw him guarded with a buſh of ſpeirs,
Conſidering him ſae able for the weirs
A radiant crown of rubies ſcho him gaif,
And ſaid, In field go forth, and ſend the laif.

XX.

And ſen thou are a king, be thou deſcreit,
Herb without value hald not of ſie pryce,

As

As herb of vertew and of odour ſweet,
And let no netle vyle and full of vyce
Her fallow with the gudly *flowr-de-lyce*,
Nor let no wyld weid, full of churliſhneſs,
Compare hir to the lilly's nobilneſs.

XXI.

Nor hald nane other flowir in ſic denty
As the freſh ROSE, of colour reid and quhyt;
For if thou dois, * hurt is thyne honeſty,
Conſiddering that no flowir is ſae perfyte,
Sae full of pleſans, vertue and delyte,
Sae full of blisfull angellyke bewtie,
Imperial birth, honour and dignitie,

XXII.

Then to the ROSE ſcho did her viſage turn,
And ſaid, O luſty dochter moſt benyng,
Abofe the lilly thou art illuſterous born,
Frae ryal linage ryſing freſh and yung,
But ony ſpot† or macull doing ſprung:
Cum blume of joy with richeſt jems be crown'd,
For owre the laif thy bewtie is renoun'd.

XXIII.

A coſtly crown with ſtanes clarified bricht,
This comely quene did on her head incloſe,
Quhyle all the land illumynat of licht;

* *Dois*, *Quobis*, *Hir*, &c. whoſe, does, her. Theſe in many ſuch words is ſupplied with *i*.

† *But ony ſpot*, without ſpot.

Quhairfor methocht, the flowris did all rejoſe,
Crying attaines, Haill to the fragrant Rose,
Hail Empreſs of the Herbs, freſch Quene of flowirs,
To thee be glore and honour at all hours.

XXIV.

Then all the birds thay ſang with voice on hicht,
Whoſe mirthfull ſound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys ſang, Hail Rose moſt rich and richt,
That does upſpuriſs under *Phebus* ſphere,
Hail plant of youth, hail princes dochter deir,
Hail bloſome breking out of blude ryal,
Quhois precious vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle ſcho ſang, Hail Rose of moſt delyt,
Hail of all flowris the ſweit and ſoverain quene:
The Lark ſcho ſang, Hail Rose both reid and quhyt,‡
Moſt pleſand flowir of michty colours twain;
Nichtingails ſang, Hail Nature's ſuffragane,
In bewty, nurture, and each nobilneſs,
In rich array, renown and gentilneſs.

XXVI.

The common voice upraiſe of birdis ſmall,
Upon this ways, O bliſſit be the hour

‡ That the houſe of *York* and *Lancaſter* (the *White* and *Red Roſe*) were united in the perſon of our queen, is well known.

That

That thou was choſe to be our principal,
Welcome to be our Princes crown'd with powir,
Our perle, our pleſance, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plain felicity:
CHRYST the conſerve from all adverſity.

XXVII.

Then all the conſort ſang with ſic a ſhout,
That I anone awakent quhair I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To ſe this court, but all wer gane away;
Then up I leint me, haſtings in affray,
Call'd to my Muſe, and for my ſubject choſe
To ſing the ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

VERTUE and VYCE.

A POEM, *addreſt to* James V. *King of* Scots.

(By the famous Dr. John Bellentyne, Archdean of Murray.)

I.

QUHEN ſilver *Diane* full of beims bricht,
Frae dark eclips was paſt this uther nicht,
And to the crab hir proper manſion gane;

Artophilax contending with his micht
In the grit eiſt to ſet his viſage richt;
I mene the leider of the *charlwane:*
Aboif our heid then was the *urſis* twain,
Quhen ſtarris ſmall obſcure grew to our ſicht,
And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II.

The froſty nicht with her prolixit hours,
Her mantle quhyt ſpred on the tender flours;
When ardent labour has addreſſit me,
Tranſlate the tale of our progenitours,
Thair greit manheid, wiſdom and hie honours,
Quhair we may cleir as in a mirrour ſee
The furious end ſomtymes of tyranie;
Somtymes the gloir of prudent governours,
Ilk ſtate appryſit in thair facultie.

III.

My wearyy ſpreit deſiring to repreſs
My emptive pen of fruteleſs biſſineſs,
Awalkit forth to tak the recent air.
When *Priapus* * with ſtormy weid oppreſs,
Requeiſtit me, in his maiſt tenderneſs,
To reſt a while amids his gardens bare.
But I no maner cou'd my mynd prepare
To ſet aſyde unpleſant havyneſs
On this and that contempling ſolitare.

* *Priapus*, who preſides over Gardens.

IV.

And firſt occurrt to my remembering,
How that I was in ſervice with the king,
Put to his grace in zeirs tendereſt,
Clerk of his compts, althocht I was inding,
With heart and hand, and every uther thing,
That micht him pleiſe in ony manner beſt,
While envy grit me from his ſervice keſt,
By them that had the court in governing,
As bird bot plumes is herryt of her neſt.

V.

Our lyfe, our gyding, and our aventuris,
Dependance have on thir celeſt creaturis,
Ayperandly by ſome neceſſitie;
For thocht a man wald ſet his biſſy curis,
Sae far as labour and his wiſdom furis,
Ta flie hard chance of infortunitie,
Tho' he eſchew it with difficultie,
The curſid weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien to him firſt in his nativitie.

VI.

Of eardlie ſtate bewailing thus the chance
Of fortune gude I had nae eſperance,
Sae lang I had ſwomt in hir ſeis ſae deip,
That ſad avyſing with her thochtfull lance
Coud find nae port to anker her firmance,
Till *Morpheus* the dreiry god of ſleip,
For very Rewth did on my cures weip,
And ſet his ſlewth and deidly countenance,
With ſnorand vains to throw my body creip.

Methocht

VII.

Methocht I was into a pleſand Meid,
Quhair *Flora* made the tender bluims to ſpreid
Throw kindly dew, and humours nutrative,
Quhen golden *Titan* with his flamis ſae reid,
Aboif the ſeis upraiſt his glorious heid,
Defounding down his heit reſtorative
To every fruit that nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the winter deid,
With ſtormis cauld, and har-froſt penetrive.

VIII.

A ſilver fountain ſprang with watir cleir
Into that place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did ſone eſpy a fellon reird
Of courtly gallants in thair gayeſt weir,
Rejoycing them in ſeaſon of the zeir,
As it had bene of *Mayis* ſweit day the feird,
Their gudelie havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I ſaw a crownit King appeir,
With tender downs ariſing on his beird.

IX.

Thir courtly gallants ſettand their intents
To ſing and play on divers inſtruments;
According to this *Princis* appetyte,
Twa ladyis fair came pranſand owre the bents,
Thair coſtly cleathing ſhawd their mighty rents;
Quhat heart micht wiſh, they wanted not a myte,
The rubies ſhone upon thair fingers quhyt:
And

And finaly I knew by thair conſents
This *Vertue* was, that uther hecht *Delyte*.

X.

Thir goddeſſes arrayt in this fine ways,
As reverence and honour liſt devyſe,
Afore this *Prince* fell down upon thair kneis,
Syne dreſt themſells into thair beſt avyſe,
Sae far as wiſdom in thair powir lyes,
To do the thing that micht him beſt appleiſe,
Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly gleis,
And him deſyret that for his emperyſs,
Ane of them twa unto his lady cheis.

XI.

And firſt *Delyte* unto the *Prince* ſaid thus,
Maiſt valiant knycht, in actions amorous,
And luſtyeſt that evir nature wrocht,
Quha in the flour of youth mellyfluous,
With notes ſweit, and ſang mellodious,
Awalketh heir amang the flowirs ſoft,
Thou has nae game, but in thy merry thocht,
My heavenly bliſs is ſo delicious,
All wealth in eard bot it availeth nocht.

XII.

Tho' thou had *France*, and all beyond the *Po*,
Spain, *Ingland*, *Pole*, with uther kingdoms moe,
And reign oure them in ſtate moſt glorious,
Thy puſſiant empyre is not worth a ſtro,
Gif it unto thy pleiſurs is a foe,

Or

Or pains thy mind with cares are dolourus;
Ther is nathing may be ſae odious
To man, as leif in miſery and woe,
Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

Dreſs thee thairfor with all thy biſſy cure,
That thou in joy and pleiſure may endure;
Be ſicht of their four bodyis elementar,
Twa groſs and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
Thir elements be working of nature,
In uther change; and tho' they be richt far
Frae uther twind, with qualitys contrair,
Of them are made all creatures eard eir bure,
And finally in them reſolvit ar.

XIV.

The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
In eard the watter turns withouten weir,
The eard in watter it turnt ower again;
Sae furth in order nochts conſumed heir,
And man new born begins ſone to appeir
Ane uther figure than afore was tane,
Quhen he is deid, the matter does remain,
Tho' it reſolve into ſum new manner,
Neathing is new, nocht but the form is gane.

XV.

Thus neathing is in eard but fugitive,
Paſſand and command ſpreiding ſucceſſive;
And as a *beiſt*, ſo is a *man* conſave
Of ſeid infus'd in members genitive,

And

And furth his tyme in pleſoure does out dryve
As chance him leids, till he be laid in grave:
Thairfor thy hevin and pleſour now reſave,
Quhile thou art heir into this preſent lyve,
For after deith thou ſall no pleſour haif.

XVI.

The roſe, the lilly, and the violet,
Unpult, ſome wither, and with winds owreſet,
Wallout falls down bot ony fruit, I wiſs,
Thairfor I ſay, ſen that naething may let,
But thy bricht hew maun be with zeirs all fret,
(For every thing but for a ſeaſon is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent bliſs
Than ly all nicht into my arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a luſty kiſs.

XVII.

And haif my tender body by thy ſyde,
So proper ſet, quhilk nature has provyde
With every pleſour, that thou mayſt divyne,
Ay quhile my tender zeirs be overſlyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy brydel gyde,
Thou maun allways from agit men declyne,
Syne dreſs thy hairt, thy courage and ingyne,
To ſuffer nane ſall in the houſe abyde,
But gif they will unto thy luſt inclyne.

XVIII.

Gif thou deſyres into the ſeis to fleit
Of hevinly bliſs, than me thy lady treit;

For it is ſaid by clerks of fair renown,
Thair is nae pleaſour in this eard ſo grit,
As quhen a luver dois his lady meit,
To raiſe his lyf frae mony a deidlie ſoun,
As hieſt pleſour but compariſoun.
I ſall the gief in thy zeirs zoung and ſweit,
A luſty Halk with mony plumes full broun.

XIX.

Quhilk ſall be found fae joyous and pleſant,
Gif thou into her mirry flichts ſall hant,
Of evry bliſs that may in eard appeir,
As hairt will think thou ſall nae plenty want,
Quhile zeirs ſwift with quheils properant,
Conſume thy ſtrenth, and all thy bewtie cleir.
And quhen *Delyt* had ſaid on this maner,
As rage of zowthied thocht maiſt relivant;
Then *Vertew* ſpake, as after ye ſall heir.

XX.

My lands full braid with mony a plenteous ſhyre,
Sall gif thy hieneſs, (gif thou liſt diſyre)
Triumphant glore, hie honour, fame divyne,
With ſic puiſſance, that them nae furious yre,
Nor weirand age, nor flames of birnand fyre,
Nor bitter death may bring unto rewyne,
But thou maun firſt enſuffer meikle pyne,
Abune thy ſelf, that thou may haif empyre,
Then ſall thy Fame and honour haif no fyne.

XXI.

Amang my faes my realms ſet ar all,
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,

And ever ſtill dois on my border ly:
And tho' that may nae ways me overthrawl,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall,
Of me ſumtyme to get the victory.
Thus is my lyfe an ithand chevalry,
And labour halds me ſtrong as ony wall,
And nathing breks me but vyl ſlugardy.

XXII.

Nae Fortune may againſt me ocht avail,
Tho' ſcho with cloudy ſtorms me aft aſſail.
I brek the ſtreim of ſharp adverſity,
In wedder lown, and maiſt tempeſtous hail,
Bot any dreid I beir an equal ſail:
My ſhips ſae ſtrong, that I may never die,
Wit, reaſon, manheid governs me ſae hie,
Nae influence of ſtarns can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with infortunitie.

XXIII.

The rage of zouth can never dantit be,
Bot grit diſtreſs and ſharp adverſity,
As be this reaſon is experience;
The fyneſt gold or ſilver that we ſe,
May not be wrocht to our utility,
Without kein flames and bitter violence;
The mair diſtreſs, the mair intelligence.
Quha eir fails lang in hie proſperity,
Ar ſune owreſet 'gainſt ſtorms have nae defence.

XXIV.

This fragill lyfe, as moment induring,
But doubt ſall thee and all the warld bring
To ſicker bliſs, or then eternal wae.
Gif thou by honeſt labour dois a thing.
Thy labour vainieſis but tarrying;
Howbeit thy honeſt warks they do not ſae.
Gif thou does ocht of luſt be nicht or day,
The ſhamefull deid, without diſſevering,
Continues ſtill when pleſour is away.

XXV.

As Carvell ticht, faſt tending throw the ſie,
Leives nae imprent amang the wallis hie.
As ſwifteſt birds with mony a biſſy plume
Perſis the air, and wates not quhair thay flie,
Sicklyks our lyfe without activitie;
It giffes na fruit, howbeit a ſhadow blume.
Quha dois thair lyfe in ydleneſs conſume,
Bot vertews deids, thair fame and memorie
Sall vaniſe ſoner than the reiky ſume.

XXVI.

As watter purges and maks bodys fair,
As fyre aſcends be nature in the air,
And purefies with heit thats vehement:
As flowir does ſmell, as fruit is nuriſare:
As precious balmes reverts the things ar ſair,
And makes them of the rot impatient.
As ſpyce maiſt ſweit, and roſe maiſt redolent;

As ſtern of day by motion circulair,
Chaiſes the nicht with beims reſplendent.

XXVII.

Sicklyke my warks they perfyt every wicht,
In fervent luve of maiſt excellent licht,
And maks a man into this eard bot peir,
And does the ſaul frae all diſorder dicht,
With odour dulce, and maks it ſtill mair bricht
Than *Diane* full, or zet *Appollo* cleir,
Syn raiſes it into the hieſt ſphere,
Immortally to ſhine in GOD's awin Sicht,
His choſen creature, and as ſpous maiſt deir.

XXVIII.

This uther wretch that clipit is *Delyte*,
Involves mankynd be ſenſual appityte,
In every kind of vyce and miſerie,
Becauſe nae wit nor reaſon is perfyte
Quhair ſhe is gyde, but ſkaith thats inſinyt;
With dolour, ſhame, and urgent povertie;
For ſcho ſprang frae the licht froth of the ſe.
Quhilk ſignifies hir pleſour venomit,
Is minglit ay with ſhairp adverſitie.

XXIX.

Duke *Hannibal*, as mony authors wrait,
Throw *Spanzie* came be mony a paſſage ſtrait:

To

To *Italy* in furor bellical,
Brak down hie walls, and hieſt mountains ſlait,
And to his army made an open gait,
And victories had on the *Romans* all.
At *Capua* by pleſour ſenſual,
The duke was made ſae ſaft and delicate,
That by his faes he was ſone overthrawll.

XXX.

Of ferſs *Achill* the weirly deeds ſprang,
In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in *vertue* rang,
Hou luſt him ſlew it is but rewth to heir:
Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair knichts ſtrang,
The valiant *Greiks* furth frae thair ruins dang,
Victorioufly exercit mony a zeir;
That nicht they went to thair luſt and pleſour,
The fatal horſs did throw thair walls fang,
Quhais pregnant ſydes wer full of men of weir.

XXXI.

Sardanapallus, Prince efeminat,
Frae deids of knichts baſely degenerat,
Twynand the threid of whyt or purpour lint,
With fingers ſaft amang the ladyis ſat,
And with his luſt couth not be ſatiate,
Till frae his faes came laſt the bitter dint.
Quhat nobil men and ladyis haif bene tint,
Quhen they with luſt have bene intoxicat,
To ſchaw at lenth my tung wald nevir ſtint.

But

XXXII.

But brave *Camil* the valiant chevalier,
(When he the *Gauls* had dantint be his weir)
Of heritage wald haif nae recompence;
For gif his bairns, his kin, and friends moſt deir
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk zeir
To haif enough, be *Romans* providence.
Gif they wer given to vyce and inſolence,
It was not neidfull he ſould conqueiſs geir,
To be the cauſe of thair incontinence.

XXXIII.

Sum nobil men, as Poets liſt declair,
Wer deifeit, ſum made gods of the air.
Sum of the heaven, as *Eolus*, *Vulcan*,
Apollo, *Saturn*, *Hermes*, *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Hercules*, and uther men preclair,
That Fame imortall in this warld wan:
Quhy wer thir people called gods than;
Becauſe they had a vertue ſingulair,
Excellent hie abune the ingyne of man.

XXXIV.

And uthers are in reik ſulphurious,
As *Ixion*, and weiry *Syſyphus*,
Eumenides, the furys odibil,
The proud gyants, and thriſty *Tantalus*,
With ugly drink, and fude maiſt vennomus.

Quhair

Quhair flames bauld, and mirkneſs ar ſenſible:
Quhy ar thir folk in pains ſae terrible?
Becauſe they were but ſhrews maiſt vicious
Into thair lyfe, with deids maiſt horribil.

XXXV.

And tho' nae fruit wer after conſequent
Of mortall lyfe, but for this warld preſent
Ilk man to haif allenerlie reſpect;
Zet *Vertue* ſould frae vice be different,
As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
That ane to hieſt honour does direct,
This uther ſaul and body does neglect:
That ane of reaſon maiſt intelligent,
This uther of beiſts following the effect.

XXXVI.

For he that nold againſt his vyle luſts ſtryve,
But lives as beiſts of knawlege ſenſityve,
Grows faſt to eild, and death him ſone owrehails:
Thairfor the mule is of a langer lyfe
Than the ſtaind horſe; alſo the barrand wyfe
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the brudie fails,
We alſo ſe when nature nocth prevails,
The pain and dolour ar ſae pungityve,
Nae medycyne the patient then avails.

XXXVII.

Sen our intents baith we haif ſhawn thee thus,
Cheis of us twae the maiſt delicious,

Or

Or to ſuſtene a ſharp adverſitie,
Danting the rage of zouth-heid furious,
And ſyn poſſes triumphs innumerous.
With hie empyre, and lang felicitie;
Or haif ane moment ſenſualitie
Of fuliſh zouth, in lyf voluptuous,
And all thy days full of ſad miſerie.

XXXVIII.

Phebus be this his fyrie cart did wry,
Frae ſouth to weſt declynand biſſyly
To dip his ſteids into the weſtlin main;
When ryſing damps owrefaild his viſage dry
With vapours thick, and cluddet all the ſky,
And *Notus* brym, the wind meridain,
With wings donk, and fedders full of rain,
Awakent me, that I coud not eſpy
Quhilk of the twa was for his lady tane.

XXXIX.

But ſone I knew they were the goddeſſes
That came in ſleip to valiant *Hercules*,
When he was zung, and free of every lore,
To luſt or honour, purtith or riches,
Quhair he contempint luſt and idleneſs,
That he in *Vertue* micht his lyfe decore;
Then warks he did of maiſt excellent glore;
The mair increſt his painfull biſſineſs,
His hie triumphs and loving was the more.

THE

GOLDIN TERGE*.

(By Mr. Dunbar.)

I.

RICHT as the ſtern of Day began to ſchyne,
Quhen gone to Bed was *Veſper* and *Lucyne*,
I raiſe, and by a Roſeir did me reſt;
Upſprang the golden Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Chriſtalyne,
Glading the mirry Folis in thair neſt,
Or *Phœbus* was in purpure kaip reveſt;
Up ſprang the Lark the Hevenis Minſtral ſyne,
In *May* intil a Morrow mirthfulleſt.

II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis ſang their Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,

* The finding this Poem amongſt the old Manuſcripts, gives a great Pleaſure, it being particularly quoted by Sir *David Lindſay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets, In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he ſays,

Or of Dunbar *quha Language had at large,*
As may be ſeen into his Golden Terge.

Apperellit

Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys ſweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all collours,
The Perlit Dropis ſchuke in ſilver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fliet
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir criſtal Teirs I ſaw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

For Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds ſang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clerks;
The Roſſes reid, now ſpreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby ſparks,
The Skyis rang with Scouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre ſkailt in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchies Levis and Barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the Ryſs a River ran quhois Streims
So luſtely upon the lykand Leins,
That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk ſchadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,

The Bewis bathit were in ſecond Beims,
Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Viſage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raiſe on hicht:
The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers clear as Sternis in froſty Night.

V.

The Criſtal Air the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,
Keſt Berial Gleims on emerant Bewis grene,
The Roſy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Aſure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilie that joys was for to ſene,
The Roche againſt the River reſplendant,
As low illuminate the Levis ſcene.

VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowles ſaft harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers ſound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I ſlepit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſun into my dreimand Fantiſy,
I ſaw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on ſail as bloſome on the Spray,
With maſt of Gold bright as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full luſtely,
With ſwifteſt Motion throu a Chryſtal Bay.

VII.

VII.

And hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Riſpies and the Reids,
Aryvit ſcho quheir frae anon thair lands,
Ane hundreth Ladies luſtie intill Weids,
Als freſh as Flours that in the *May* upſpreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair ſhynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Treſis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyt, and Middills ſmall as Wands.

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the Flours with all the Lillis quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maiſt perſyte
Nor zet thou *Tallus*, quhais Oratiouns ſweit,
In Rethoric did intill Terms fleit,
Zour aureat Tungs had baith been all to lyte,
For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There ſaw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
Aurora freſh, and Lady *Flora* ſcene,

Juno

Juno, *Latona*, and *Proſerpina*,
Diana the Goddeſs of Cheſt and Wods grene,
My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair faynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir michty Quenis, with Crownis might be ſene,
With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

THAIR ſaw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix *April* and *June* her Siſters ſchene,
Whithin the Garden walk and up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls reſaif Gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tender in hir Ziers Grene;
Thair ſaw I Nature give till her a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

FULL luſtiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Entereit into this Park of maiſt Pleſeir.
Quhair that I lay heilit with Levis Rank,
The mirry Birds bliſsful of Cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methought in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nuriſing they thank.

XII.

XII.

SYNE to Dame *Flora*, on the ſamyne Ways,
They ſaluſt and they thank a thouſand Syis,
And to ſweit *Venus* neiſt, Luvis bonny Quene,
They ſang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,
With amorous Nottis maiſt luſty to devyis,
As that they had Luve in their Hearts grene,
Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,
With Warbils ſweit they preſt the Heivnly Skyis.
Quhyle loud reſount the Firmament ſerene.

XIII.

ANE uther Court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
And dreidful Arrows grounding ſherp and ſquheir,
Thair ſaw I *Mars* the God armipotent
Awful and ſtern, braid, ſtrong and corpulent.
Thair ſaw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air.
Thair was *Mercurius*, wyſe and eloquent
Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris ſae fair.

XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Papus*,
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Panus*,

And

And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceans *Neptunus:*
Thair was the God of Winds bauld *Eolus*,
With variand Blaſts lyke to an Lord unſtable,
Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the Table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was Clade in Sable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,
And Ballats ſang with michty Nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full ſobirly aſſyit,
Endlang the trotting River ſo they mait;
Thair obſervance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt ſuddenly affrayit,
All throw a Luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And ſchortly for to ſpeik, by Luves fair *Quene*
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areiſt; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall their Mantles grene,
With Bowis big, in traffit Hairs ſchene,
Richt ſuddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit:
The Party was ſae pleſand to be ſene,
A Wondir luſty Bikar me aſſayit.

XVII.

XVII.

And firſt of all with bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as ſcho wald me ſchent,
Syne followit all her Damoſells in Feir
With mony divers awfull Inſtrument,
Into the preiſs fair *Having* with hir went,
Syne *Portrator*, *Pleaſance* and luſty *Cheir*,
Then *Reſoun* came with Schield of Gold ſo cleir
In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with her Virgins zing,
Grene *Innocence* and *ſchameful Abaſing*,
And quaking *Dreid*, with Humbyl *Obedience*,
The Goldin Terge it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to ſpring;
Full ſune they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweit *Womanheid* I ſaw come in Preſence,
A Warld of Artelzie ſcho did in bring,
And ſervit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlineſs*,
Continuance, *Pacience*, *gude Fame* and *ſtedfaſtneſs*,
Diſcration, *Gentileneſs*, *Conſidderans*,
Leful Company, and honeſt Buſineſs,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir*, *and Sobirneſs*,

All their bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
But *Reſoun* bure the Terge with ſic Conſtans,
Thair ſcharp Aſſay micht do me no Deirence,
For all their Preis and awful Ordinans.

XX.

UNTO the Preiſs purſewit *Hie Degrie*,
Hir followit ay *Eſtait* and *Dignitee*,
Compariſon Honour and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantonneſs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility*;
Wit ze they did thair Banner hie diſplay.
A Clud of Flanes liyke Hail-ſchot lowſit they,
And ſchot till waſhit was thair Arrelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had perſavit this Rebut,
Scho bad *Diſſembance* gae mak a Perſute
With all her Power to preſs the Goldin Terge;
And ſcho that was of Doubleneſs the Rute,
Aſkit hir Choiſs of Archers in Refute:
Venus the beſt bad hir to wale at lerge;
Scho tuke *Preſence* plicht Anker of the Berge;
And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can ſcute,
And *Cherriſſing* for to compleit hir Charge.

XXII.

DAME *Hamelineſs* ſcho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,

And

And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,
With all the Choiſe of *Venus* Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaiſitly:
The Showris of Arrows roppit on lyke Rain,
Perrelus *Preſence* that mony a Syre has ſlain;
The Battil brocht on Bordour hard be by,
The Aſſalt was all the ſairer Suth to ſane.

XXIII.

Thick was the Schot of grundin Arrows kene,
But *Reſſoun* with the Goldin Schield ſa ſchene,
Weirly deffendit quhoſeir aſſayt;
The awfull Schower he manly did ſuſtene,
Till *Preſente* keſt Powdir in his Ene,
And then as drunken Man he all forwayit,
Quhene he was blind, the Fule with him they playit,
And banniſt him amang the Bewis Grene;
That Sicht ſae ſair me ſuddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

Then was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Priſoneir,
To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moment's Space,
Methocht ſcho ſeimit luſtyer of Cheir,
Aftir that *Reſſoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindir, *Reſſoun?* quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy ſeim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was biſſy me to aſſyle,
And *Fair Calling* did aft upon me ſmyle,
And *Cheriſſing* me fed with Words fair,
Acquentance new embraſit me a quhyle,
And favourt me till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I ſaw her nevir mair;
Then ſaw I *Denger* towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir Preſence be nae Wyle,
On Syde ſcho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI.

AND at the laſt deperting couth hir Dreſs,
And me deleverit unto *Havyneſs*
For to remane, and ſcho in Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodneſs,
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew I geſs,
That with the Blaſt the Aiks in foreſt ſchuke,
And ſuddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, there was but wilderneſs,
Thair was ne mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke.

XXVII.

IN twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,
And ſwift up Sail unto the Tap they ſtent,

And

And with ſwift Courſe out owre the Flude
they Frak;
They tyrit their Guns with Powder violent,
Till that the Reik raiſe to the Firmament,
The Rochis all reſoundit with the Rak,
For Reid it ſemit that the Rain-bow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I ſprent
Amangs the Clewis, ſae cairfull was the
Crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake of this Swowning,
The joyfull Minſtralls mirryly did ſing,
For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims ſchene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, ſaft the Morrowing,
Hailſum the Vail, depaynt with Flowris zing,
The Air atemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhyte and reid was all the Eard beſene,
Throw Natures nobill freſch enamling,
In mirthfull *May* of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend * *Chawſer*, Roſe of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
That evir raiſe in *Brittane*, quha reids richt.
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,

* This Panygyrick on *Chaucer*, as 'tis perfectly generous and handſome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewiſe ſhews that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Engliſh* at that Time were the ſame.

The

The freſch enamallit Termes celeſtiall;
This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
Surmounting every Toung terreſtriall,
As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnicht.

XXX.

O morale *Gowar* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour ſuggart Toungs and Lipps aureat
Bene till our Eirs Cauſe of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maiſt mellifluat,
Our rude Language hes cleir illumynat,
And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin Pens did ſchupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and diſolate
Of Rethorick, or luſty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle Quair be evir obedient
Humbyl ſubject, and ſemple of Intent,
Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has ſpent,
Of hir maiſt lyſtie Roſes redolent
Is nane into thy Garland ſet on Hicht;
O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:
Rude is thy Weid, bare, deſtitute and rent,
Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

Quod Dunbar.

On

On the DEATH of

Mr. ALLAN RAMSEY.

By Mr. S——on.

Written in the Year 1758.

HARD by the graſſy margin of a ſtream,
Where zephyrs play'd to cool the ſultry beam,
Shedding, conglob'd anon, the vapoury dew,
Or Spring's rich fragrance, from their pinions blue;
Juſt as the ſun from noontide height declin'd,
And through the op'ning trees obliquely ſhin'd;
A ſhepherd reſted on the flowery ground,
By diſtant rows of elms encompaſs'd round.
Pure was his boſom as the ſtreams that flow'd,
Or eaſtern gale that o'er its ſurface blow'd.
Gentle his temper as the lenient flow'r,
That ſpreads its folds to catch the moiſt'ning ſhow'r.
Pleas'd and contented with his humble lot,
His thoughts ne'er ſoar'd above the crook or cot.
Oft would he ſoftly ſwell the mellow reed,
Bathe in the flood, or view his lambkins feed;
With ſimple footſtep trip the green along,
Or make lone echoes vocal with his ſong;

Select

Select rich noſegays, elegantly dreſt,
To fill, but not adorn, his charmer's breaſt:
Oft, ſtudious, pore o'er ſome fam'd paſt'ral book,
His *plaid* thrown by, his flagellet, and crook;
Where ruſtic love-ſcenes harmleſsly conſpire,
To melt the tender heart, and fancy fire;
Truth and Simplicity unletter'd ſhine,
And Innocence embelliſhes each line.

Above the reſt, the *gentle Shepherd* charm'd,
With hopes and fears alternately alarm'd,
While *Patie* and while *Peggy* meet to woo,
Almoſt, ſo ſtrong the paint, confeſs'd to view;
With rolling eyes on one another turn'd,
Glancing thoſe fires that in their boſoms burn'd.
Not the ſoft odours that in violets dwell,
Not the bland honey from the waxen cell;
Not the mild fannings of the ſouthern breeze,
That ſtir to ſighs the not unconſcious trees;
Not Philomel, firſt minſtrel of the grove,
Warbling in yonder jes'mine-wreath'd alcove;
Not the ſweet murmur of deſcending rills,
Nor low-breath'd coo of fir-immantled hills;
With more of nature exquiſitely pleaſe
The elegant, chaſte taſte, and thought at eaſe.

Such traces the fond numbers leave behind,
Such power have fine deſcriptions o'er the mind;
Oft to ſome oak would he his ſpeech addreſs,
In equal warmth his paſſion to expreſs,

And

And ſtill, as oft as breezes fann'd the trees,
Fondly concludes an anſwer he receives;
Till conquer'd by imaginary charms,
Around the trunk he claſps his eager arms,
And, ere his eyes the ſtrange miſtake can ſee,
Imprints warm kiſſes on the lifeleſs tree.

Once, as he ſat beneath an aged thorn,
To breathe the dewy freſhneſs of the morn;
His ear attentive to the blackbird's lay,
Or tuneful thruſh, perch'd on a neighb'ring ſpray;
A ſwain, ſlowly approaching, he eſpies,
With his ſpread hand oft lifted to his eyes;
Whoſe downcaſt looks ſeem to implore relief,
As if oppreſs'd with ſome o'erwhelming grief.
Touch'd with the ſudden ſympathy of woe,
Yet apprehenſive the event to know;
While mix'd ſurmiſes all his mind poſſeſs,
And various reaſons offer to his gueſs,
Near him with trembling ſtep the ſhepherd draws,
Eager to aſk the melancholy cauſe:
But all the anſwer his inquiry gains,
Which yet, alas! too well his grief explains,
Theſe few ſhort, but emphatic, words expreſt,
Ramſay is dead —— his ſilence told the reſt.

A TALE of a BEAU and a BARBER.

(By Pennycuick.)

A Story reach'd my ears, ſome days ago,
Which happen'd 'twixt a Barber and a Beau.

The fluttering fop came to get bare his chin,
To kiſs the ſofter at the ſecret ſin.
The ſhaver, then a paddling clean his ſhop,
Gave to his wife the razor and the ſoap,
Who was a buxom frow. The willing fair
Did trim the youth, and pulverize his hair;
And he, through kindneſs, like a bawdy beau,
Did feel the buckle of her furbelow.
Her huſband, ſtruggle hearing with his wife,
Came, with the paddle, to decide the ſtrife;
Repeated blows upon his beaufhip's ſnout,
Until the blood as faſt as oaths came out.
He curs'd and cry'd, and to a ſurgeon fled,
Relating all the villain Barber did.
Surpriz'd the ſurgeon ſays, " You ſcarce ca
" ſtand!
" What, had you ne'er a weapon in your hand?
My hand, quoth he, did with his wife's fle
meddle;
But what was that, you blockhead, to a paddle

A SUPPLICATION,

(By Sir DAVID LINDSAY, of *the Mount.*)

To the KING's * GRACE,

In Contemption of Side Tails, and muzzled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put good orde
Both in the High-land and the Border,

* King James V.

Yet I make humble ſupplication,
To have ſome ſpeedy reformation,
Of a ſmall fault, which is no treaſon,
Though it be contrary to reaſon;
Becauſe the matter is ſo vile,
It cannot have an ornate Stile:
Wherefore, I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of ſtinking weeds quite maculate,
No man may wear a Roſe Chaplate.
Sovereign, I mean of theſe Side Tails,
Which through both duſt and dubs now trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Expreſs againſt all Common-weals:
Though Biſhops in their Pontificals,
Have men to bear up their Side Tails,
For dignity of their office:
Right ſo a Queen or an Emprice,
Albeit they uſe ſuch gravity,
Conforming to their Majeſty,
Though their Robes Royals be upborn,
I think it but a very ſcorn,
That every lady of the land
Should have her tail ſo ſide trailand;
Albeit they be of high eſtate,
The Queen they may not counterfeit:
Where'er they go, it may be ſeen,
How church and cauſey they ſweep clean.
The images into the kirk,
May think of their Side Tails great irk:
For when the weather been moſt fair,
The duſt flies higheſt in the air,

And all their faces doth begarie.
If they could ſpeak, they would them wary,

To ſee, I think, a pleaſant ſight,
Of Italie the ladies bright,
In their clothing moſt triumphand,
Above all other Chriſtian land:
But when they travel through the towns,
Men ſee their feet beneath their gowns,
Four inches 'bove their proper heels,
Circulate as round as wheels:
Wherethrough there doth no powder riſe,
Their fair white limbs for to ſurpriſe.
But I think moſt abuſion,
To ſee men of religion,
To bear their tails through the ſtreet,
That folks may behold their feet:
I trow Saint Bernard, nor Saint Blaiſe,
Caus'd never man bear up their claiſe,
Peter nor Paul, nor Saint Andrew,
Caus'd ne'er bear up their tails, I trow.
But I laugh beſt to ſee a Nun,
'Cauſe bear her tail above her bum,
For nothing elſe, as I ſuppoſe,
But to ſhow her milk-white hoſe:
In all their rules they will not find,
Who ſhould bear up their tails behind.
But I have moſt into deſpite,
Poor clagocks clad with raploch hite,
Which have ſcarce two merks of fees,
Will have two ells beneath their knees:

Kittoch that cleeked was yeſtreen,
The morn will counterfeit the Queen.
A Moorland Meg, that milks the yows,
Clagged with clay above the hows:
In barn or byre ſhe will not bide,
Except her kittle tail be ſide.
In burrows, wanton burgeſs wives,
Who may have ſideſt tails ſtrives,
Well bordered with velvet fine,
But following them it is a paine.
In ſummer, when the ſtreets do dry,
They raiſe the duſt above the ſkie.
None may go near them at their eaſe,
Except they cover mouth and neeſe,
From the powder to keep their Een:
Conſider if their cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving and their knees,
Who would behold their ſweaty thighs,
Begaried with dirt and duſt,
It were enough to ſtanch the luſt
Of any man that ſaw them naked:
I think ſuch giglots are but glaiked,
Without profit to have ſuch pride,
Harling their clagged tails ſo ſide.
I would the Borrowſtoun bairns had breeks,
To keep ſuch miſt from makin's cheeks,
I dread rough makin die for drouth,
When ſuch dry duſt blows in her mouth:
I think moſt pain after a rain,
To ſee them touked up again;
Then when they ſtep out through the ſtreet,
Their folding flaps about their feet:

Their

Their loathly lyning forthwith flyped,
That hath the muck and midding wiped:
They waſte more cloth within few years,
Than would clothe fifty ſcore of Friers.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morn-darg ſhe ſtrips the noſe,
And all the day, where'er ſhe go,
Such liquor ſhe licks up alſo.
The turcums of her tail, I trow,
Might be a ſupper to a ſow.
I knew a man which ſware great oaths,
How he did lift a Kittock's clothes;
And would have done I wot not what,
But ſoon remead of Love he gat:
He thought no ſhame to make it written,
How her ſide tail was all beſhitten.
Of filth ſuch flower ſtrake to his heart,
That he behoov'd ſoon to depart.
Said ſhe, Good ſir, methink you rew.
Said he, Your tail caſts ſuch a ſtew,
That, by Saint Bride, I cannot bide it:
You were not wiſe that would not hide it.

Of tails I will no more endite,
For dread ſome durdon me deſpite:
Notwithſtanding I'll conclude,
That of Side Tails there comes no good,
Sider than can their hanclets hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride,
And pride proceedeth of the Devil:
Thus always they proceed of evil.

Another

Another fault, Sir, may be ſeen,
They hide their face all but the Een,
When gentlemen bids them Good-day,
Without reverence they ſlide away:
That none may know, I you aſſure,
An honeſt woman by an whore.
Except their naked face I ſee,
They get no more Good-days of me.
Hailſe a French lady when ye pleaſe,
She will diſcover mouth and neeſe,
And with a humble countenance,
With viſage bare make reverence.
When our ladies do ride in rain,
Should no man have them at diſdain:
Though they be covered mouth and neeſe,
In that caſe they will none diſpleaſe,
Nor when they go to quire places,
I them excuſe to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any luſty champion:
Though they be hid then to the Een,
Ye may conſider what I mean.
But in the church and market-places,
I think they ſhould not hide their faces:
Except theſe faults be ſure amended,
My flyting, Sir, ſhall ne'er be ended,
But would your Grace my counſel take,
A proclamation you ſhould make,
Both in the land and burrowſtouns,
To ſhow their face and cut their gowns.
None ſhould from them exeemed be,
Except the Queen's Majeſtie;

Becauſe

Becauſe this matter is not fair,
Of rhetoric it muſt be bair.
Women will ſay, this is no bourds
To write ſuch vile and filthy words:
But would they cleanſe their filthy tails,
Which over the mire and midding trails,
Then ſhould my writing ended be,
No other mends they got of me.
The truth ſhould not be holden cloſe.
Veritas non quærit angulos,
I know good women that been wiſe,
This rural rhime will not deſpiſe.
None will me blame, I you aſſure,
Except a wanton glorious whore,
Whoſe flyting I fear not a flee.
Farewel, ye get no more of me.

Quod Lindſay, *in Contempt of Side Tails, That Duddrons and Duntibouts through the Dubbs trail.*

ROBIN and MAKYNE,

A PASTORAL.

(By Robert Henryſon.)

I.

ROBIN ſat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of ſie,

Quhen

Quhen mirry *Makyne* ſaid him till,
O *Robin* rew on me.
I haif thee luvit baith loud and ſtill,
Thir towmonds twa or thre;
My dule in dern * but gif thou dill, †
Doubtleſs bot dreid I die.

II.

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my ſheip undir yon wod,
Lo quhair they raik on raw. ‡
Quhat can have marᵗ thee in thy mude,
Thou *Makyne* to me ſchaw;
Or what is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law.

III.

The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir, §
Wyſe, hardy, kind and frie,
Be that nae danger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;

* *Dule in dern*, Sorrow in ſecret.
† *Dill*, ſtill, calm, or mitigate,
‡ *Raik on raw*, go a pace in a row.
§ *Fair of Feir*, of a fair and healthful look.

Preſs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
Be patient, and privie.

IV.

Robin he anſwert her again,
I wat not quhat is luve,
But I haif marvell uncertain
Quhat maks thee thus wanrufe,
The wedderis * fair, and I am fain;
My ſheip gaes hail abuve,
Gif we ſould pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve.

V.

Robin tak tent unto my tale,
And do all as I reid;
And thou ſalt haif my heart all hale,
Eik and my maidenheid:
Sen God he ſends bute for bale,
And for murning remeid,
I dern with thee, but give I dale,
Doubtleſs I am but deid.

VI.

Makyne the morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,

* *Wedderis*, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apoſtrophiſed, yet by this one may judge that in every like caſe they pronounced, as if ſuch vowels were cut off with an apoſtrophe: Without allowing this, many of their lines will not be numbers.

May be my ſheip may gang beſyde,
Quhile we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to ſteir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then *Makyne* mak gude cheir.

VII.

Robin thou reivs me of my reſt;
I luve but thee alane.
Makyne, *adieu*, the ſun goes weſt,
The day is neir-hand gane.
Robin in dule I am ſo dreſt,
That luve will be my bane,
Makyne gae luve quhair eir ye liſt;
For lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

Robin I ſtand in ſic a ſtyle,
I ſich, and that full ſair,
Makyne I have bene heir this quyle,
At hame I wiſh I were.
Robin, my hinny, talk and ſmyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.
Makyne ſum uther man beguyle;
For hameward I will fare.

IX.

Syne *Robin* on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree:

But *Makyne* murnt and made lament,
Sho trow'd him neir to ſee.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent. *
Then *Nakyne* cryd on hie,
Now may thou ſing, for I am ſhent!
Quhat can ail luve at me?

X.

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then *Robin* in a full fair dale
Aſſemblit all his ſheip,
Be that ſomepart of *Makyns* ail,
Outthrow his heart could creip,
Hir faſt he followt to aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keip. †

XI.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair *Makyne*,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it ſall be thyne,
Withoutten departing,
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My ſheip quhyle Morn till the hours nyne,
Will miſter nae keiping.

* *Brayd attowre the beet*, haſted over the field.

† Tuke gude keip. Kept a cloſe eye upon her.

XII.

XII.

Robin, thou has heard ſung and ſay,
In jeſts and ſtorys auld,
The man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
Be eikd their cares ſae cauld,
That preſſes firſt with thee to play,
Be foreſt, firth, or fauld.

XIII.

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir hand by,
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us eſpy,
That is to luve contrair,
Therein, *Makyne*, baith you and I,
Unſeen may mak repair.

XIV.

Robin, that warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an end,
And neir again thereto perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my pain thou made but play,
I words in vain did ſpend;
As thou has done ſae fall I ſay,
Murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

Makyne, the hope of all my heal,
My heart on thee is ſet;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhile I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
Quhat grace ſo eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu, for this we met.

XVI.

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair.
Pure *Robin* murnd and *Makyne* leugh;
Scho ſang, and he ſichd ſair:
Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the raſhy gair.

On the Uncertainty of Life and fear of Death, or a Lament for the Loſs of the Poets.

(By Mr. William Dunbar.)

I.

OUR pleaſance heir is all vain glory,
This warld falſe but tranſatory;

The

The fleſh is bruckle, the feynd is ſlie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

The ſtate of man dois change and vary,
Now ſound, now ſeik, now blyth, now ſary,
Now danſand merry, now lyk to die,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

No ſtate in all the eard ſtands ſicker,
But as the weſt-wind wavis the wicker,
Sae wanes this warldly vanity,
Timor mortis, &c.

IV.

Doun to the death gois all eſtates.
Princes, prelates and potentates,
Baith rich and pure of all degree,
Timor, &c.

V.

He takes the knichts into the field,
Enarmed under helm and ſhield,
He victor is at all mellie,
Timor, &c.

VI.

That ſtrang invynſable tyrrand
Taks, on the muthers breiſt ſuckand,

The babe full of benignitie,
Timor, &c.

VII.

He taks the campion in the ſtour,
The captain cloſd within the towir,
The lady in bowre, full of bewtie,
Timor, &c.

VIII.

He ſpares no lord for his puſiance,
Nor clerk for his intelligence;
His awfull ſtrake may no man flee,
Timor, &c.

IX.

Art magicians and aſtrologs,
Rethoris, logitans, theologs,
Get help frae nae concluſions flee,
Timor, &c.

X.

In Medecyne the moſt practitians,
Leiches, ſurrigians and phefitians,
Themſelves frae death may not ſupplie,
Timor, &c.

XI.

I ſee the makkars, mang the laif,
Plays here thair padzions, ſyne goes to graif;

Not

Not ſpairt is thair ſweit facultie,
Timor, &c.

XII.

He has done petouſly devore,
The nobil* *Chawſer* of makkars flowir,
The *Monk* of *Berry* and *Gowver* all thre,
Timor, &c.

XIII.

The gude Sr. *Hew* of *Eglintoun*,
Etrick, *Heriot*, and *Winton*,
He has tane out of this countrey,
Timor, &c.

XIV.

That ſcorpion fell has done inſek,
Maiſter *John Clerk* and *James Affleck*,
Frae ballat making and tragedy,
Timor, &c.

XV.

Holland and *Barbor* he has bereft,
Allace! that he not with us left
Sir *Mungo Lockhart* of the *Lie*,
Timor, &c.

* 'Tis worthy of notice how generouſly Mr. *Dunbar* pays his reſpects to the memory of the renowned *Chaucer*, *Gowver* and *Lidgate*, before he names his own country poets.

XVI.

Clerk of *Tranent* eik he has tane,
That made the aventers of Sir *Gawune*,
Sir *Gilbert Gray* endit has he,
Timor, &c.

XVII.

He has *blind Hary* and *Sandy Trail*
Slain with his ſhot of mortall hail,
Quhilk *Patrick Johnſon* micht not flie,
Timor, &c.

XVIII.

He has reft *Merſar* his indyte,
That did in luve ſo lyflie wryte,
So ſchort, ſo quick, of ſentens hie,
Timor, &c.

XIX.

He has tane *Rowl* of *Aberdene*,
And gentle *Rowl* of *Corſtorphyne*;
Twa bettir follows did no man ſie,
Timor, &c.

XX.

In *Dumfermling* he has tane *Broun*,
With gude Mr. *Robert Henryſon*;
Sir *John the Roſs* imbraiſt has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

And he has now tane, laſt of aw,
The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,
Of quhome all wichts has grit pitie,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

And Mr. *Walter Kennedy*
In point of death lyes werely;
Grit rewth it wer that ſo ſould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII.

Sen he has all my brethren tane,
He will not let me live alane;
On Forſs I maun his nixt prey be,
Timor, &c.

XXIV.

Sen for the death remeid is none,
Beſt is that we for death diſpone;
Aftir our death, that live may we,
Timor, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

SUTHE I forſie, if ſpae-craft had,
Frae hethir-muirs ſall ryſe a LAD,

Aftir twa centries pas, ſall he
Revive our Fame and memorie.

XXVI.

Then ſall we flouriſh *Evir Grene*;
All thanks to carefull *Bannantyne*,
And to the *PATRON kind and frie,
Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

XXVII.

Far ſall we fare, baith eiſt and weſt,
Owre ilka clyme by *Scots* poſſeſt;
Then ſen our warks ſall nevir die,
Timor mortis non turbat me.

* *Patron*, Mr. *William Carmichael*, brother to the Earl of *Hyndford*, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. *George Bannantyne*, Anno 1568, from whence theſe poems are printed.

The

The VISION.

Compylit in Latin *be a moſt lernit Clerk,* * *in tyme of our Hairſhip and Opreſſion,* Anno 1300, *and tranſlatit in* 1524.

(By Mr. Archibald Scott.)

I.

BEdoun the bents of *Banquo* brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Muſand our main miſchaunce;
How be thay faes we are undone,
That ſtaw the *ſacred* † *Stane* frae *Scone*,
And leids us ſic a daunce;
Quhyle *Inglands Edert* taks our tours,
And *Scotland* ferſt obeys,
Rude ruffians ranſakk ryal bours,
And *Baliol* homage pays;
Throch feidom our freidom
Is blotit with this ſkore,
Quhat *Romans* or no mans
Pith culd eir do befoir.

* The Hiſtory of the *Scots* ſufferings, by the unworthy condeſcenſion of *Baliol* to *Edward* I. of *England*, till they recovered their independance by the conduct and valour of the Great BRUCE, is ſo univerſally known, that any argument to this antique poem ſeems uſeleſs.

† The old chair (now in *Weſtminſter Abbey)* in which the *Scots* Kings were always crown'd, wherein there was a piece of marble with this inſcription;

Ni fallit fatum, SCOTI, *quocunque locatum*
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

The

II.

The air grew ruch with bouſteous thuds,
Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the cluds,
Maiſt lyke a drunken wicht;
The thunder crekt, and flauchts did rift
Frae the black viſſart of the lift:
The forreſt ſchuke with fricht;
Nae birds abune thair wing extenn,
They ducht not byde the blaſt,
Ilk beiſt bedeen bangd to thair den,
Untill the ſtorm was paſt:
Ilk creature in nature
That had a ſpunk of ſence,
In neid then, with ſpeid then,
Methocht cryt, *in defence.*

III.

To ſe a morn in *May* ſae ill,
I deimt dame Nature was gane will,
To rair with rackles reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of pain,
And ſkonce my ſkap and ſhanks frae rain,
I bure me to a beil,
Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft,
Out owre a canny cave,
A curious cruif of natures craft,
Quhilk to me ſchelter gaif;
Ther vexit, perplexit,
I leint me doun to weip,
In brief ther, with grief ther
dottard owre on ſleip.

IV.

IV.

Heir *Somnus* in his ſilent hand
Held all my ſences at command,
Quhyle I ferget my cair;
The myldeſt meid of mortall wichts
Quha paſs in peace the private nichts,
That wauking finds it rare;
Sae in ſaft ſlumbers did I ly,
But not my wakryfe mind,
Quhilk ſtill ſtude watch, and couth eſpy
A man with aſpeck kynd,
Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
With baird thre quarters ſkant,
Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
He ſeemt to be a Sanct.

V.

Grit darring dartit frae his Ee,
A braid-ſword ſchogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A ſhynand ſpeir filld his richt hand,
Of ſtalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
Of juſt proportions, large;
A various rain-bow colourt plaid
Owre his left ſpaul he threw,
Doun his braid back, frae his quhyt heid,
The ſilver wymplers grew;
Amaiſit, I gaiſit
To ſe, led at command,
A ſtrampant and rampant
Ferſs lyon in his hand

VI.

Quhilk held a Thiſtle in his paw,
And round his collar graift I ſaw
This poeſie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceſs-
Et:———In *Scots*, *Nane ſall oppreſs*
Me, unpuniſt with pain:
Still ſchaking, I durſt naithing ſay,
Till he with kynd accent
Sayd, Fere let nocht thy hairt affray,
I cum to hier thy plaint;
Thy graining and maining
Haith laitlie reikd my eir,
Debar then affar then
All eiryneſs of feir.

VII.

For I am ane of a hie ſtation,
The *Warden* of this auntient nation,
And can nocht do the wrang;
I viſſyt him then round about,
Syne with a reſolution ſtout,
Speird, Quhair he had bene ſae lang?
Quod he, althocht I ſum forſuke,
Becaus they did me ſlicht,
To hills and glens I me betuke,
To them that luves my richt;
Quhaſe mynds zet inclynes zet
To damm the rappid ſpate,
Devyſing and pryſing
Freidom at ony rate.

VIII.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
Quha jyb them, and thair ſubſtance eit,
And on thair honour ſtramp;
They, pure degen'rate! bend thair baks,
The victor, *Langſhanks*, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp:
Quhyle trew men, ſair complainand, tell,
With ſobs, thair ſilent greif,
How *Baliol* thair richts did ſell,
With ſmall howp of releif;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curſit plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That bargin doun thair throat.

IX.

Braiſ gentrie ſweir, and burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk clan
Thats to their nation trew;
The cloyſters cum to cun the evil,
Mailpayers wiſs it to the devil,
With its contryving crew:
The hardy wald with hairty wills,
Upon dyre vengeance fall;
The feckleſs fret owre heuchs and hills,
And Eccho anſwers all,
Repetand and greitand,
With mony a ſair alace,
For blaſting and caſting
Our honour in diſgrace.

X.

Waes me! quod I, our caſe is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sen this diſgraceful paction.
We are felld and herryt now by force;
And hardly help fort, thats zit warſe,
We are ſae forfairn with faction.
Then has not he gude cauſe to grumble,
Thats forſt to be a ſlaif;
Oppreſſion does the judgement jumble
And gars a wyſe man raif.
May cheins then, and pains then
Infernal be thair hyre
Quha dang us, and flang us
Into this ugſum myre.

XI.

Then he with bauld forbidding luke,
And ſtaitly air did me rebuke,
For being of ſprite ſae mein:
Said he its far beneath a Scot
To uſe weak curſes quhen his lot
May ſumtyms four his ſplein,
He rather ſould mair lyke a man,
Some braif deſign attempt;
Gif its nocht in his pith, what than,
Left but a quhyle content,
Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
And wait the will of Fate,
Which mynds to deſygns to
Renew zour auntient ſtate.

XII.

I ken ſum mair than ze do all
Of what ſall afterwart befall,
In mair auſpicious tymes;
For aften far abufe the mune,
We watching beings do convene,
Frae round eards outmoſt climes,
Quhair evry warden repreſents
Cleirly his nations caſe,
Gif famyne, peſt, or ſword torments,
Or vilains hie in place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themſelves grit ſtore,
But rundging and ſpunging
The leil laborious pure.

XIII.

Say then, ſaid I, at zour hie ſtate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotland*'s fate,
Gif eir ſchoil be her fell;
With ſmyle celeſt, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal man
Sould ken all I can tell:
But part to thee I may unfold,
And thou may ſaifly ken,
Quhen *Scottiſh* peirs flicht *Saxon* gold,
And turn trew heartit men;
Quhen knaivry and ſlaivrie,
Ar equally diſpyſd,
And loyalte and royalte,
Univerſalie are pryſd.

XIV.

Quhen all zour trade is at a ſtand,
And cunzie clene forſaiks the land,
Quhilk will be very ſune,
Will preiſts without their ſtypands preich,
For nocht will lawyers cauſes ſtreich;
Faith that's nae eaſy done.
All this and mair maun cum to paſs,
To cleir zour glamourit ſicht;
And *Scotland* maun be made an aſs.
To ſet her judgment richt.
Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
Untill ſcho brak hir tether,
Thocht auld ſchois zit bauld ſchois,
And teuch lyke barkit lether.

XV.

But mony a corſs ſall braithleſs ly,
And wae ſall mony a widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The faes ſall tak the feild neir *Forthe*,
And think the day thair ain:
But burns that day ſall rin with blude
Of them that now oppreſs;
Their carcaſſes be *Corbys* fude,
By thouſands on the greſs.
A king then ſall ring then,
Of wyſe renoun and braif,
Quhaſe puſians and ſapiens,
Sall richt reſtoir and ſaif.

XVI.

The view of freidoms ſweit, quod I,
O ſay, grit tennant of the ſkye,
How neiris that happie tyme?
We ken things but be circomſtans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leiſt I commit a cryme.
Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
I ſall not faſh ze moir,
Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
As ze did hint befoir.
With air then ſae fair then,
That glanſt like rayis of glory,
Sae godliyk and oddlyk
He thus reſumit his ſtorie.

XVII.

Frae the ſuns ryſing to his ſett,
All the pryme rait of wardens met,
In ſolemn bricht array,
With vehicles of *Aither* cleir,
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To ſauls rowit up in clay;
Thair in a wyde and ſplendit hall,
Reird up with ſhynand beims,
Quhais rufe-treis wer of rainbows all,
And paift with ſtarrie gleims,
Quhilk prinked and twinkled
Brichtly beyont compair,
Much famed and named
A caſtill in the air.

XVIII.

In midſt of quhilk a tabill ſtude,
A ſpacious oval reid as blude,
Made of a fyre flaucht,
Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
With rays be a celeſtial hand,
Full mony a curious draucht.
Inferior beings flew in haiſt,
Without gyd or derectour,
Millions of myles throch the wyld waſte
To bring in bowlis of nectar:
Then roundly and ſoundly
We drank lyk *Roman* gods;
Quhen *Jove* ſae dois rove ſae,
That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

Quhen *Phebus* heid turns licht as cork,
And *Neptune* leans upon his fork,
And limpand *Vulcan* blethers;
Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,
And *Cupid* luves we wingit chyld,
Fals down and fyles his fethers.
Quhen *Pan* forgets to tune his reid,
And flings it cairleſs bye,
And *Hermes* wingd at heils and heid.
Can nowther ſtand nor lye:
Quhen ſtaggirand and ſwagirand,
They ſtoyter hame to ſleip,
Quhyle centeries at enteries
Imortal watches keip.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the high browin liquour,
And bangd about the nectar biquour,
But evir with his ods:
We neir in drink our judgements drenſch,
Nor ſcour about to ſeik a wenſch
Lyk theſe auld baudy gods,
But franklie at ilk uther aſk,
Quhats proper we ſuld know,
How ilk ane hes performt the taſk,
Aſſignd to him below.
Our minds then ſae kind then,
Are fixt upon our care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair weilfair.

XXI.

Gothus and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle *Gallus* ſneerd and tuke a ſnuff,
Quhyle made *Allmane* to ſtare;
Latinus bad him nathing feir,
But lend his hand to haly weir,
And of cowd crouns tak care;
Batavius with his paddock face
Luking aſquint, cryd, Piſch,
Zour monks ar void of ſence or grace,
I had leur ficht for fiſch;
Zour ſchule-men ar fule-men,
Carvit out for dull debates,
Decoying and deſtroying
Baith monarchies and ſtates.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie nod
Cryd, *Hogan*, zes we ken zour god,
Its herrings ze adore;
Heptarchus, as he uſd to be,
Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
But varies bak and fore;
And quhyle he ſays, It is not richt
A monarch to reſiſt,
Neiſt braith all ryall powir will ſlicht,
And paſſive homage jeſt;
He hitches and fitches
Betwein the *hic* and *hoc*,
Ay jieand and flieand
Round, lyk a wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I ſtill ſupport my precedens
Abune them all, for ſword and ſens,
Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
Quhylk was, becaus I bure a grudge
At ſum fule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge
To princes on thair awin;
Sum thanis thair tennants pykit and ſqueiſt,
And purſit up all thair rent,
Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleiſt,
Till riggs and ſchaws war ſpent;
Syne byndging and whyndging,
Quhen thus reduſit to howps,
They dander and wander
About pure lickmadowps.

XXIV.

But now 'tis tyme for me to draw
My ſhynand ſword againſt club-law,
And gar my lyon roir;
He ſall or lang gie ſic a ſound,
The ecchoe ſall be hard arround
Europe, frae ſchore to ſchore;
Then lat them gadder all thair ſtrenth;
And ſtryve to wirk my fall,
Tho' numerous, zit at the lenth
I will owrecum them all,
And raiſe zit and blaſe zit
My braifrie and renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the *Scottis* crown.

XXV.

Quhen my braif BRUCE the ſame ſall weir
Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
The diadem will ſhyne;
Then ſall zour ſair oppreſſion ceis,
His intereſt zours he will not fleice,
Or laif you eir inclyne:
Thocht millions to his purſe be lent,
Zell neir the puirer be,
But rather richer, quhyle its ſpent
Within the *Scottiſh* ſe:
The field then ſall zeild then
To honeſt huſbands welth,
Gude laws then ſall cauſe then
A ſickly ſtate haif helth.

XXVI.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair etherial dame,
And to our warden ſayd,
Grit *Callidon* I cum in ſerch
Of zou, frae the hych ſtarry arch,
The counſil wants zour ayd;
Frae every quarter of the ſky,
As ſwiſt as quhirl-wynd,
With ſpirits ſpeip the chiftains hy,
Sum grit thing is deſygnd
Owre muntains be funtains,
And round ilk fairy ring,
I haif chaiſt ze, O haiſt ze,
They talk about zour king.

XXVII.

With that my hand methocht he ſchuke,
And wiſcht I happyneſs micht bruke,
To eild be nicht and day;
Syne quicker than an arrows flicht,
He mountit upwards frae my ſicht,
Straicht to the milkie way;
My mynd him followit throw the ſkyes,
Untill the bryne ſtreme
For joy ran trinckling frae myne eyes,
And wakit me frae dreme;
Then peiping half ſleiping,
Frae furth my rural beild,
It eiſit me and pleiſit me
To ſe and ſmell the field.

XXVIII.

For *Flora* in hir clene array,
New waſhen with a ſhowir of *May*,
Lukit full ſweit and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir huſband frae aboif
Sched down his rayis of genial luve,
Hir ſweits perfumt the air
The winds war huſht, the welkin cleird,
The glumand clouds war fled,
And all as ſaft and gay appeird
As an *Elyſian* ſched;
Quhilk heiſit and bleiſit
My heart with ſic a fyre,
As raiſes theſe praiſes
That do to heaven aſpyre.

Quod Ar. Scot.

RETIREMENT.

(By Mr. R. Fergusſon.)

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Hor:

COME, Inſpiration, from thy vernal bow'r,
To thy celeſtial voice attune the lyre,
Smooth gliding ſtrains with ſweet profuſion pour,
And aid my numbers with ſeraphic fire.

Under a lonely ſpreading oak I lay,
My head upon the *daiſied green* reclin'd,
The ev'ning ſun beam'd forth his parting ray,
The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle ſleep my acting powers ſuppreſs'd,
The city's diſtant hum was heard no more,
Yet Fancy ſuffer'd not the mind to reſt,
Ever obedient to her wakeful power.

She led me near a chryſtal fountain's noiſe,
Where undulating waters ſportive play,
Where a young comely ſwain, with tender voice,
In pleaſing accents ſung his ſylvan lay.

" Adieu, ye baneful pleaſures of the town;
' Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng;
' Without regret your foibles I diſown,
' Themes more exalted claim the Muſe's ſong.

' Your ſtoney hearts no ſocial feelings ſhare,
' Your ſouls of diſtant ſorrows ne'er partake;
' Ne'er do you liſten to the *needy prayer*,
' Nor drop a tear for tender pity's ſake.

' Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves,
' Ye flowery meadows and extenſive plains,
' Where ſoaring warblers pour their pleaſing loves,
' Each *landſcape* cheering with their vocal ſtrains.

Here

'Here rural beauty, op'ning to the eye,
'On the green margin of each ſtreamlet glows,
'Where, with blooming hawthorn, *roſes* vie,
'And the fair lilly of the valley grows.

'Here *Chaſtity* may wander unaſſail'd,
'Thro' fields where gay ſeducers ceaſe to rove;
'Where open *Vice* o'er *Virtue* ne'er prevail'd,
'Where all is innocence, and all is love.

'Peace, with her olive wand, triumphant reigns,
'Guarding ſecure the *peaſant*'s humble bed;
'Envy is baniſh'd from the happy plains,
'And *Defamation*'s buſy tongue is laid.

'*Health* and *Contentment* uſher in the morn,
'With jocund ſmiles they court the rural ſwain,
'For which the *peer*, to pompous titles born,
'Forſaken ſighs—but all his *ſighs* are vain.

'For the calm comforts of an eaſy mind,
'In yonder lowly *cot* delight to dwell,
'And leave the *ſtateſman* for the lab'ring *hind*,
'The regal *palace* for the humble *cell*.

'Ye

'Ye who to wiſdom would devote your hours,
'And far from buſtle, far from miſchief ſtray,
'Look back diſdainful on the city's towers.
'Where *Pride*, where *Folly* point the ſlipp'ry way.

'Pure flows the limpid river's chryſtal tide,
'Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant vales,
'Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,
'Where all its purity and luſture fails.

To an Apothecary's Apprentice, attempting Dogrel without the leaſt knowledge of Orthography, Proſody, or Syntax.

(By J. H. Eſq;)

O Dainty Davy, we have red
Your braw verſes, and are glad
To hear, that you have ſae weel ſped,
As you've been telling;
And that the mortar gets you bread,
By it's aft knelling.

It did juſt happen as you ſaid,
That Beſs did flounce, and toſs her head,
And wi' diſdain, and miekle pride,
Said, you'd gane cappit,
And farlyid ſair at what had made
You ſae diſtracted.

To imitate our Allen's ſtyle,
Who wrote of dainty verſe the wyle,
You have as yet liv'd o'er ſhort while,
And o'er ill-lear'd;
Therefore you'd beſt nae try your ſkill
Till grows your beard.

Like mony ane you'd beſt gae keep,
Ten ſcore of ony good man's ſheep,
And there behave your ſel fou meek
As to the rhyming;
E'en till you learn how mony feet
Should be each line in.

Wherefore you'd beſt keep weel the bood
Make good your plaiſters, and let blood,
And win as much as buy good food,
And be weel happit;
And that you'll find will be as good,
Or I miſtake it.

CON-

CONSCIENCE: *An* ELEGY.

(By Mr. Ferguſſon.)

——— Leave her to Heaven,
And to the thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Shakeſpeare.

NO choirine warblers flutter in the ſky,
Phœbus no longer holds his radiant ſway;
While nature with a melancholy eye,
Bemoans the loſs of his departed ray.

O happy he whoſe conſcience knows no guile!
He to the ſable night can bid farewell;
From cheerleſs objects cloſe his eyes a while,
Within the ſilken folds of ſleep to dwell.

Elyſian dreams ſhall hover round his bed,
His ſoul ſhall wing, on pleaſing fancies born,
To ſhining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whoſe foul reproachful deeds
Can thro' an angry conſcience wound his reſt,
His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
Tho' ſlumber ſeldom knows him as her gueſt.

To

To calm the raging tumults of his ſoul,
If wearied nature ſhould an hour demand,
Around his bed the ſheeted ſpectres howl,
Red with revenge the grinning furies ſtand.

Nor ſtate nor grandeur can his pain allay;
Where ſhall he find a requiem to his woes?
Power cannot chace the frightful gloom away,
Nor muſic lull him to a kind repoſe.

Where is the king that Conſcience fears to chide?
Conſcience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
Will o'er the ſecrets of each heart preſide,
Nor aw'd by pomp nor tam'd by ſoothing ſong.

FEMALE HONOUR.

(Written by Mr. J. H.)

'TIS ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That *honour* is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep *Sabæa*'s ſpicy vales:

Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breath along *Arabia*'s ſhore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But *woman* no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe:
Tho' diſtant every hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe:
'Till by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no off'rings to attone
For but a *ſingle* error? *None*,
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mold,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell
That e'en immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,

With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.
The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon replets her waining face,
All beauteous, from her late diſgrace;
And ſons, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.
In vain may death, and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race a-new,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And n'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire,
In ſome unguarded hour expire;

Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade;
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon *honour* charm'd to reſt,
Shall Virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendors burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſprings ſucceeding bloſſom? No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman *falls* to *riſe no more.*

GOLD.

(By the ſame.)

ALL-powerful *Gold*, at who's full-crouded ſhrine
Miſtaken mankind their devotion pay:
Thee Iſrael's ſons firſt hail'd with rite divine,
And their deſcendants ſtill confeſs thy ſway.

Thou potent miſchief! by whoſe wicked aid
Vice tears the laurel from fair Virtue's brow:
Thou firſt taught men each other to invade,
And brothers hands with brothers blood imbrue.

That

That fatal *tree*, ſo lovely to behold,
Whoſe charms ſeduc'd the too incautious fair,
The *apples* ſmil'd in damn'd deceitful *gold*,
Diſſembling fruit, well fitted to enſnare.

What pow'r thy baneful influence does not feel?
Ev'n *love*, that ſacred and all-conquering flame,
To thy ſtill ſtronger force at laſt muſt yield,
And bow ſubmiſſive at thy honour'd name.

Yet ſtill in thee the hidden traitor lies,
And diſappointment always muſt enſue;
Go aſk the *miſer* juſt before he dies,
What real joys he ever felt from you?

Methinks I ſee him in the pangs of death,
Lift up his eyes with looks of dumb deſpair;
Then, pointing to his bags, with fault'ring breath,
Cry *Life's misfortunes are all center'd there!*

On a COUNTRY LIFE.

(Written by Mr. G.)

FOR rural virtues, and for natives ſkies,
I bad *Auguſta*'s venal ſons farewell:
Now 'mid the trees I ſee my ſmoke ariſe,
Now hear the fountains bubling round my cell.

O! may that genius which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear;
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be inſincere.

Far from thoſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, and dread my hoſtile name!
Hence the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd ſtrains, the price of fame.

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize,
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull reſource to feign.

Still

Still may the mourner, laviſh of this tears,
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn;
Still may the bard, diſſembling doubts and fears,
For praiſe, for flatt'ry ſighing, ſigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-ſick *Hammond* flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme:
Ah! never could *Aonia*'s hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream!

Ye loveleſs bards, intent with artful pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear;
Forego your *Pindus*, and on ——'s plains,
Survey *Camilla*'s charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend, while in thy youthful ſoul
Loves gentle tyrant ſeats his awful throne,
Write from thy boſom; let not art controul
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen deſigned:
" Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face;
" Such the ſoft image of your youthful mind."

Soft, whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The loves and graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wintry ſcenes of chill decay.

Curſe

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with *Oenone* thou haſt worn the day,
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation rove;
If in the grove *Oenone* lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

An ODE.

(By Mr. S——s.)

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and ſtate;
Give me but innocence and health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings;
For ſceptres, to a virtuous mind,
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plow
With brighter luſture ſhone,
Than guilty Cæſar e'er cou'd do
Tho' ſeated on a throne.

Tumultuous

Tumultuous days and reſtleſs nights
Ambition ever knows;
A ſtranger to the calm delights
Of ſtudy and repoſe.

Then free from envy, care and ſtrife,
Permit me, heav'nly pow'rs!
To paſs a pure unblemiſh'd life,
And crown with peace my hours.

HALLOW-FAIR.

(By Mr. Ferguſſon.)

AT *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,
And *ſtarnies* ſhine fu' clear,
Whan ſock, the nippin cald to bang,
Their winter *hap-warms* wear,
Near Edinbrough a fair there hads,
I wat there's nane whaſe name is,
For ſtrappin dames and ſturdy lads,
And cap and ſtoup, mair famous
Than it that day

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The ſun began to keek,
And bid the trig made maidens come
A ſightly joe to ſeek

At *Hallow-fair*, where browſters rare
Keep gude yale on the gantries,
And dinna ſcrimp ye o' a ſkair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries,
Fu' ſaut that day.

Here country *John* in bannet blue,
And eke his Sunday's clais on,
Rins after *Meg* wi' *rokelay* new,
And ſappy kiſſes lays on;
She'il tauntin ſay, ye ſilly coof!
Be o' your gab mair ſparin',
He'll tak the hint, and crieſh her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin',
To chew that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their ſtand,
An' ſhaw their *bonny wallies*;
Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
To trick the ſilly fallows.
Heh, Sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,
An' *ne'er-do-weel* horſe-coupers,
An 'ſpae-wives, fengying to be dumb,
Wi a' ſic like landloupers,
To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
" Come ye to me fa need:
" The braweſt *ſhanks* that e'er were ſeen
" I'll ſell ye cheap an' guid,

" I

" I wyt they are as pretty hoſe
" As come frae *weyer* or *leem*;
" Here tak a rug an' ſhaw's your poſe:
" For ſeeth my an's but teem
" An' light this day.',

Ye wives as ye gang thro' the fair,
O make your bargains hooly!
Of a' thir wilie loons beware,
Or fegs they will ye ſpulzie.
For fairn-year *Meg Thamſon* got,
Frae the miſchievous villains,
A ſcaw'd bit o' a penny note,
That loſt a ſcore o' ſhillins
To her this day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
The ſerjeant ſcreechs fu' loud,
" A' gentlemen and volunteers
" That wiſh your country gude,
" Come here to me, and I ſhall gie
" Twa guineas and a crown,
" A bowl o' *punch*, that like the ſea,
" Will ſoun a lang dragoon
Wi' eaſe that day.

Without, the cuſſers prance and nicker,
An' o'er the lay-rig ſcud;
In tents the carls bend the bicker,
And rant and roar like wud.

Than there's ſic yellowchin and din,
Wi' wives and wee-anes gablin,
That an might true they were a-kin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day.

When *Phœbus* ligs in *Thetis* lap,
Auld Reikie gi'es them ſhelter,
Whare cadgily they kiſs the cap,
An' ca'd round helter ſkelter.
Jock Bell gaed forth to play his fraiks,
Great cauſe he had to rue it,
For frae a ſtark Lochaber aix
He gat a *clamiheuit*
Fu' ſair that night.

" Ohon!" quo' he, " I'd rather be
" By *ſword* or *bagnet* ſtickit,
" Than ha'e my *crown* or body wi'
" Sic deadly weapons nicket."
Wi' that he gat anither ſtraik,
Mair weighty than before,
That gar'd his feckleſs body aik,
An' ſpew the reikin' gore,
Fu' red that night.

He peching on the cawſey lay,
O' kicks and cuffs weel ſaird;
A *Highland* aith the ſerjeant ga'e
" She maun be ſee our guard."

Out

Out ſpake the weirlike corporal,
" Pring in ta drunken ſot."
They trail'd him ben, an' by my ſaul,
He paid his drunken groat
For that neiſt day.

Good fock, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black ſquad;
Ther's nae ſic canker'd pack elſewhere
Allow'd to wear cockade.
Than the ſtrong lion's hungry maw,
Or taſk of Ruſſian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin' paw
Mair cauſe ye ha'e to fear
Your death that day.

A wee ſoup drink dis unco weel
To had the heart aboon;
'Tis good as lang's a canny chiel
Can ſtand ſteeve in his ſhoon.
But gin a birkie's o'er weel faird
It gars him aften ſtammer
To *ploys* that bring him to the guard,
An' eke the *Council-chamir*,
Wi' ſhame that day.

To the TRON-KIRK BELL.

(By the ſame.)

WAnwordy, crazy, dinſome thing,
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
What gar'd them ſic in ſteeple hing
They ken themſel';
But weel wat I they coudna bring
War ſounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye? that I ſhud ban,
Your neither kin to pat nor pan;
Nor *uly pig*, nor *maſter-cann*
But weel may gie
Mair pleaſure to the ear o' man
Than ſtroak o' thee.

Fleece merchants may look bald, I trow,
Since a' Auld Reikie's childer now
Man ſtap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy ſound to bang,
And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noiſy tongue, there's nae abideint,
Like ſcalding wife's, there is nae guideint:
Whan I'm 'bout ony bus'neſs eident,
'Tis ſair to thole;
To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't
Wi' ſenſeleſs knoll.

O!

O! war I provoſt o' the town,
I ſwear by a' the pow'rs aboon
I'd bring ye wi' a reeſle down;
Nor ſhud you think
(Sae ſair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the muckle cap,
An' fain wud fa' owr in a nap,
Troth I cud doze as ſound's a tap,
Wert' na for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To waukin me.

I dreamt ae night I ſaw Auld Nick;
Quo he, " this bell o' mine's a trick,
" A wylie piece o' politic,
" A cunnin ſnare
" To trap fock in a cloven ſtick,
" 'Ere they're aware.

" As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
" A' body at the kirk will ſkair;
" Quo they, gif he that preaches there
" Like it can wound,
" We douna care a ſingle hair
" For joyfu' ſound."

If magiſtrates wi' me wud 'gree,
For ay *tongue-tackit* ſhud you be,
Nor fleg wi' *antimelody*
Sic honeſt fock,
Whaſe lugs were never made to dree
Thy doolfu' ſhock.

But

But far frae thee the *bailies* dwell,
Or they wud ſcunner at your knell,
Gie the *foul thief* his riven bell,
And than, I trow,
The by-word hads, "the de'il himſel
"Has got his due."

DAMON *to his* FRIENDS.

A BALLAD.

(By the ſame.)

THE billows of life are ſuppreſt,
Its tumults, its toils diſappear,
To relinquiſh the ſtorms that are paſt,
I think on the ſunſhine that's near.

Dame fortune and I are agreed;
Her frowns I no longer endure;
For the Goddeſs has kindly decreed,
That Damon no more ſhall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
To view the increaſe of my ſtore;
And many my friendſhip will prize
Who never knew Damon before.

But

But thoſe I renounce and abjure,
Who carried contempt in their eye:
May poverty ſtill be their dow'r
That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye powers that weak mortals govern,
Keep pride at his bay from my mind;
O let me not haughtily learn
To deſpiſe the few friends that were kind;

For theirs was a feeling ſincere;
'Twas free from deluſion and art;
O may I that friendſhip revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart:

By which was I ever forgot;
I was both my phyſician and cure,
That ſtill found my way to my cot,
Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;
The wound of affliction it heal'd;
In diſtreſs it was Pity's ſoft tear,
When naked cold Poverty's ſhield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!
Who oft with my ſorrows condol'd;
You cannot be deaf to the ſtrain,
Since Damon is maſter of gold.

I have choſe a ſoft ſylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of ſpring;
Around my flocks wander and bleat,
While the muſical choriſters ſing.

I force not the waters to ſtand
In an artful canal at my door,
But a river at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddeſs that darkens my bow'rs
With tendrils of joy and of vine;
She tutors my ſhrubs and my flow'rs,
Her taſte is the ſtandard of mine.

What a pleaſing diverſified group
Of trees has ſhe ſpread o'er my ground!
She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,
And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has ſhe perfum'd my groves?
For whom has ſhe cluſter'd my vine;
If friendſhip deſpiſe my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be receſſes of mine.

He who taſtes his grape juices by ſtealth,
Without choſen companions to ſhare,
Is the baſeſt of ſlaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come! and with Damon retire
Amidſt the green umbrage embower'd:
Your mirth and your ſongs to inſpire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd?

O come, ye dear friends of his youth!
Of all his good fortune partake;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To ſay 'twas preſerv'd for your ſake.

The CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE *in* RUINS.

A Burleſque Poem,

(By the ſame.)

YE few whoſe feeling hearts are ne'er eſtrang'd
From ſoft emotions: ye who often wear
The eye of pity, and oft vent her ſighs.
When ſad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught ſtrains,
Gains entrance to the breaſt; or often ſmile
When briſk *Thalia* gayly trips along
Scenes of enlivening mirth; attend my ſong.
And Fancy! thou, whoſe ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyſs
Of chaos, and of hell: O! with thy blazing torch

The waſteful ſcene illumine, that the muſe,
With daring pinions, may her flight purſue,
Nor with timidity be known to ſoar
O'r the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.

Can I contemplate on thoſe dreary ſcenes
Of mould'ring deſolation, and forbid
The voice elegiac and the falling tear!
No more from box to box the baſket pil'd
With oranges as radient as the ſpheres,
Shall with their luſcious virtue charm the ſenſe
Of *taſte* and *ſmell*. No more the gaudy beau
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd
Or *bergamot*, or *roſe-watero* pure,
With flavouriferous ſweets ſhall chace away
The peſtilential fumes of vulgar cits,
Who, in impatience for the curtain's riſe,
Amus'd the lingering moments, and applied
Thirſt-quenching *porter* to their parched lips.

Alas! how ſadly alter'd is the ſcene!
For lo! thoſe ſacred walls, that late were
bruſh'd
By ruſtling ſilks and waving capuchines,
Are now become the ſport of wrinkl'd time!
Thoſe walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
Of ſtern King *Richard*, to the feat transform'd
Of crawling ſpiders and deteſted moths,
Who in the lonely crevices reſide;
Or gender in the beams, that have upheld

God

Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
Of thund'rers in the galleries above.

O Shakeſpeare! where are all thy tinſel'd kings.
Thy fawning courtiers and thy waggiſh clowns?
Where all thy fairies, ſpirits, witches, fiends,
That here have gambol'd in nocturnal ſport,
Round the lone oak, or ſunk in fear away
From the ſhrill ſummons of the cock at morn?
Where now the temples, palaces, and towers,
Where now the groves that ever-verdant ſmil'd?
Where now the ſtreams that never ceas'd to flow?
Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds,
The thunders, light'nings, and the tempeſts ſtrong?

Here ſhepherds, lolling in their woven bowers,
In dull *recitativo* often ſung
Their loves accompanied with clanger ſtrong
From horns, from trumpets, clarionets, baſſoons;
From violinos ſharp, or droning baſs,
Or the briſk tinkling of a harpſichord.

Such is thy pow'r, O muſic! ſuch thy fame,
That it has fabled been, how foreign ſong,
Soft iſſuing from *Tenducci*'s ſlender throat,
Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
Round the empyreum of Jove himſelf,
High ſeated on Olympus' airy top.

Nay,

Nay, that his fev'rous voice was known to
ſoothe.
The ſhrill-ton'd prating of the females tongues,
Who, in obedience to the lifeleſs ſong,
All proſtrate fell; all-fainting died away
In ſilent ecſtacies of paſſing joy.

Ye who oft wander by the ſilver light
Of ſiſter *Luna*, or to church-yard's gloom,
Or cypreſs ſhades, if chance ſhou'd guide your
ſteps
To this ſad manſion, think not that you tread
Unconſecrated paths; for on this ground
Have holy ſtreams been pour'd, and flow'rets
ſtrew'd;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies uſeleſs here intomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stampt in *theatric mint*: offenceleſs gold!
That carried not perſuaſion in its hue,
To tutor mankind in their evil ways.
After a lengthen'd ſeries of years,
When the unhallow'd ſpade ſhall diſcompoſe
This maſs of earth, then relics ſhall be found,
Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.

Ye ſpouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within thoſe naked walls,
To ſhed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inſpiration you have ſuck'd
From its dramatic ſources. O! look here
Upon this roofleſs and forſaken pile

And

And ſtalk in penſive ſorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld ſo many noble ſcenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange-groves, and love-inſpring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire
With hollow groanings and convulſive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all thoſe beauties foil'd,
Will he refrain to ſhed the grateful drop,
A tribute juſtly due (tho' ſeldom paid)
To the remembrance of happier times?

On the Death of Mr. THOMAS LANCASHIRE, *Comedian.*

(By the ſame.)

ALAS, poor Thom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part*.
Each comic heart muſt now be griev'd to ſee
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

* *Grave-Digger in* Hamlet.

The

The Battle of CORICHIE *on the* HILL *of* FAIR. *Fought Oct.* 28 1562.

(By Mr. Forbes.)

I.

MOURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For the bonny burn o' Corichie,
His run this day wi' bleid.

II.

The hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant ſon,
For the love he bare our beauteous quine
Has gar't fair Scotland mone.

III.

He his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Through dreid o' the fauſe Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan
An' his faither auld Huntly.

IV.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' bear her awa' wi' him;
But Murry's ſlee wyles ſpoil't a' the ſport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

V.

V.

Murry gar't rayſe the tardy Merns men,
An' Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Earle Morton, and the Byres lord Linſay,
An' campit at the hill o' Fare.

VI.

Erle Huntle came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thuſan men;
Bu Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' ſax ſcore horſemen and ten.

VII.

They ſoundit the bougills an' the trumpits,
An marchit on in brave array;
Till the ſpiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin the fray.

VIII.

The Gordones ſae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaſpin,
An' dyit the grund wi' theire bleid.

IX.

Then fauſe Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they purſuit at his backe,
Whan the haf o' the Gordones deſertit,
An' turnit wi' Murry in a crack.

X.

Wi' hether i'thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' thir heid,
An' ſlaid theire brithers an' their fatheris,
An' ſpoilit an' left them for deid.

XI.

Than Murry cried to tak the auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi ſpeid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him ſtickit,
An' out guſhit the fat lurdane's bleid.

XII.

Than they teuke his two ſons *quick* an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But ſair did our guide Quine lament
The waefu' chance that they were tane.

XIII.

Erle Murry loſt mony a gallant ſtout man,
The hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's ſons, an' Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to me unkend, fell doune

XIV.

Erle Huntly miſt ten ſcore o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' ſome o' leigh degree,
Skeenis youngeſt ſon, the pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther ſun' dead, he widna flee.

XV.

XV.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faught
  Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
Cryſti's fyfteen hunder thriſcore year
  An' twa will mark the deidly fray.

XVI.

But now the day maiſt waefu' came,
  That day the Quine did grite her fill,
For Huntly's gallant ſtalwart ſon,
  Wis heidit on the Heidin hill.

XVII.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
  Upou the ſamen fatel playne;
Crule Murry gar't the waefu' Quine luke out,
  And ſee hir lover an' liges ſlyane.

XVIII.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
  I wis our countrie better piece;
I wis our lords wid na' diſcord,
  I wis our weirs at hame may ceiſe.

HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy ziers he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin ziers of reſt.
He livit quhen *Britons* breach of faith
Wroucht *Scotland* meikle wae:
And ay his Sword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deidly fae.

II.

HIE on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

III.

FULL thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy ficht with ſword in hand
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

IV.

GREAT luve they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V.

THE king of *Norſe* in ſummer tyde,
Puft up with power and micht,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,
With mony a hardy knicht:
The tydings to our gude *Scots* king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude reid wyne.

VI.

VI.

" To horſe, to horſe, my Ryal Liege,
" Zour faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
" Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
" The king of *Norſe* commands.
Bring me my Steed Mage *dapple gray,*
Our gude King raiſe and cry'd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots *King nevir ſeyd.*

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dried of Faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſter's arm,
Cum down, cum down lord Hardyknute
And rid zour king frae harm.

VIII.

THEN reid, reid grew his dark-brown chieks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In danger great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That tries in grene wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt the ſummer's morn,
Quhen lo doun in a graſſy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, *neir ſounds in peace,*
We haif other ſport to byde;
And ſune they heyed them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſyde.

X.

LATE late zeſtrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned lyfe,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe:
But now that Norſe *dois proudly boaſt*
Fair Scotland *to inthral,*
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He feird to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothſay, *bend thy bow,*
Thy arrows ſchute ſae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turned to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas *take ze but zour lance,*
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorelands *ferſe Heir.*

XII.

MALCOM, licht of fute as Stag,
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſand thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſchield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

XIII.

FAREWEIL my dame ſae peirleſs gude,
And tuke hir by the hand,
Fairer to me in age zou ſeim,
Than maids for beautie fam'd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet her comely chieks,
And then her boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

XV.

AND he has ridden owre muir and moſs
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht
Making a heavy mane,
Here maun I lye, here maun I *dye,*
By treacheries falſe Gyles;
Witles I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmyles.

XVI.

SIR knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly *fair zour heart wad cheir,*
As ſcho ſtands in your ſicht.

XVII.

ARYSE, young knight, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſchynand day,
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way.
With ſmyleſs luke and viſage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
Kynd chiftain your intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XV.

XVIII.

TO me nae after-day nor nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping trie,
Cauld deith ſall end my care.
With him nae pleiding micht prevail,
Braif *Hardyknute* to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Straif courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattans* land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage ſeyd:
Of *Pictiſh* race by mothers ſyde,
Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaift *Pictiſh* crown.

XX.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſs army lay in ſicht;
Zonder my valziant ſons and feris,
Our raging revers wait.
On the unconquerit Scotiſh *ſwairt*
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

MAK Oriſons to him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne braiſly ſchaw your veins are filld
With Caledonian *Blude.*
Then furth he drew his truſty Glaive,
Quhyle thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the boughills ſound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade,
Thryſe welcum valziant ſtoup of weir.
Thy nations ſchield and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his ſyde.

XXIII.

QUHEN bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ſicht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

THE king of *Scots* that ſindle bruikd
The war that lukit lyke play.
Drew his braid Sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but dely:
Quoth noble *Rothſay*, *myne I'll keip*,
I wate its bleid a ſkore.
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

THE king of *Norſe* he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht,
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt between his ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, revenge, cryd *Rothſays heir*,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it through his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He low as eard did fa.

XXVII.

SAIR bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And Geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now Queen *Elgreid*,
Hie dames to wail zour Darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

TAKE off, take aff his coſtly jupe
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the flowlers net throuch quhilk
His ſteily harneſs ſhynd)
Take, Norſe, *that gift frae me, and bid*
Him venge the blude it beirs:
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs.

XXIX.

PROUD *Norſe* with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, *quhair is* Hardyknute *ſae famd,*
And feird at Britains *throne:*
The Britons *tremble at his name,*
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaſt his coat of mail.

XXX.

THAT brag his ſtout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht:
I'm Hardyknute *this day*, he cryd,
To Scotlands *king I hecht*,
To lay thee law as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He gard his body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray Goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgracd is now my far famd arm
That left thee power to ſtryke:
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As low as he to ladies ufit
In courtiy gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

FULL ſune he rais'd he bent body,
His bow he marvelld fair,
Sen blows till then on him but darrd
As touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norſe ferliet too as fair as he
To ſe his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A ſturdy fae with luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid throw thickeſt ranks
The hardy zouth to quell
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his approach
His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT ſchort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands *geir,*
But dreidful ſeims the ruſty poynt!
And loud he leuch in jeir.
Aft Britains *blude has dimd its ſhyne*
This poynt cut ſhort their Vaunt;
Syne piercd the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the thud,
But *Thomas* lukit not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

With cairleſs geſture mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryſe,
Quhen winner ay the ſame;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit chiek
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſome ſounds,
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw thair ſhyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* coaſt the widowit dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, *Emma*, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valziant Scots nae *Revers* thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

THERE on a lie quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene waris black intent,
Let *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praiſe *Hardyknute*,
Let *Norſe* the name ay dried,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpairrd,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

LOUD and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir *Hardyknute*
Wan neir his ſtately towir,
His towir that uſd with torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae licht in my Ladys bowir
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink ſhynes round my Fairly *fair,*
Nor ward *ſtands on my wall.*
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, *ſay*
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be your gyde,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

XLII.

AS faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands *Faes,*
There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden *Fairly* fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with dreid;
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * *

VERSES on ſome late ENGLISH POETS.

(By a Gentleman.)

INDULGENT to this one deſire,
Say, Muſe! what bards have ſung with fire,
And made the future age their own,
Since thoſe rehears'd by *Addiſon.*

Philips the charms of *Cyder* ſung,
Tho' ale ſcarce ever wet his tongue;
Tho' money ſcarce e'er met his view,
He ſung the ſweets of *Shillings* too.

One *Prior* too, a tavern-boy,
Whom *Dorſet* rais'd to great employ,
Would ſometimes throw aſide his cares,
And ſteal an hour from ſtate affairs,

In

In ſerious ſongs, or tales full quaint,
To rhime away all diſcontent.

But ſtay, what growling do I hear?
What grumbling cur aſſails my ear?
Or is it *Swift?* who makes his moan,
When his court-influence is gone;
And cries, becauſe he is not rich,
All men are knaves, the world's a b—h.
O ſenſe and wit, by few enjoy'd,
How often ſpitefully employed!

Hail, happy *Pope!* for well I ween,
Thy more diſintereſted ſpleen.
Not oft by private rancour mov'd,
Hath made thee both admir'd and lov'd.
Thy graceful numbers, ſweet and ſtrong,
Excel all old and modern ſong,
So bright thy moral mirrors ſhine,
They ſeem the toil of hands divine.

See *Addiſon*, by virtue fir'd,
By gen'rous patriot-zeal inſpir'd,
The poet of the brave and wiſe,
To glory's higheſt ſummit riſe.
O Europe's boaſt! thy name ſhall live,
While art and liberty ſurvive.

To hear the ditties of *John Gay*,
You'd laugh your very ſoul away;
A jocund bard, and free from guile,
As ever ſtarv'd in Britain's iſle.

Next *Thomſon* comes, who had the ſkill
To ſoothe the paſſions at his will.
His lays a patriot heat impart,
Sure cordial of a Britiſh heart!

The penſive *Young* was ſeen to ſmile
At mankind's follies for a while;
But kindled ſoon with tenfold rage,
To laſh the unbelieving age.
Time's worth, life's woes, unquenched fire,
Man's final doom, eternal ire;
How virtue ſuffers much neglect,
And what the devil may expect:
All thoſe, and more, did *Young* rehearſe
In maz'd, diſhevell'd, deſperate verſe.
His judgement, like ſome bark on fire,
Aſſaulted too by tempeſt dire,
On a mad ſea of fancy toſt,
In wild extravagance was loſt.
When ov'ry planet, ev'ry ſtar,
And all the living ſouls that are,
No more are ſeen, no longer known;
In ſhort, all nature dead and gone.
Who then ſo well deſerves, by half,
As *Young* to write her epitaph?
Of that vaſt honour don't deſpair,
O frantic Bard! thou ſhalt be there,
When univerſal nature dies,
And, truſt my word, ſhalt cloſe her eyes;
Shalt dig her grave in nothing's womb,
And do her juſtice on her tomb.

Who

Who loves gay flow'rs? Let him repair
To *Maſon*'s page, he'll find them there;
Perhaps too copiouſly they lie,
And wrap his meaning from the eye,
To match old bards tho' he aſpire,
He has their art, but wants their fire.

Now *Gray* pours forth his plaintive ſtrains;
The tendereſt he of mourning ſwains:
While ſitting on ſome new-made grave,
He ſings th' obſcurely wiſe and brave.
Ye nymphs and ſhepherds! lend an ear,
Not oft ſuch moving notes you hear.

O *Collins!* nobly warm and wild,
Fair Fancy's beſt beloved child!
What mad ambitious thoughts could fire
Thy mind to ſeize Apollo's lyre?
Didſt thou not find thoſe hands of thine
Too rough to touch the chords divine?

By virtue, arts, and love refin'd,
The gentle *Shenſtone*'s gen'rous mind
In ſweeteſt lays was often ſhown,
Sweet lays that ſweeteſt muſe might own.
To rouſe gay mirth he ne'er diſdain'd;
From pity's taſk he ne'er refrain'd;
When humour laugh'd, he laugh'd in turn;
And lov'd to weep with thoſe that mourn.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of *Churchill*'s rage,
Lately the firebrand of our age?
Malice muſt periſh ſoon or late,
And ignorance ſubmit to fate.

HAME

HAME CONTENT. A SATIRE.

(By Mr. Fergusson.)

SOME fock, like *Bees*, fu' glegly rin
To bykes bang'd fu' o' ſtrife and din,
And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,
Till they have ſcrapt the dautit *Plumb*,
Then craw fell crouſly o' their wark,
Tell o'er their turners *Mark* by *Mark*,
Yet darna think to lowſe the poſe,
To aid their neighbours ails and woes.

Gif *Gowd* can fetter thus the heart,
And gar us act ſae baſe a part,
Shall *Man*, a niggard near-gawn elfe!
Rin to the tether's end for pelf;
Learn ilka cunzied ſcoundrel's trick,
Whan a's done ſell his ſaul to *Nick*:
I trow they've coſt the purchaſe dear,
That gang ſic lengths for warldly gear.

Now when the *Dog-day* heats begin
To birſel and to peel the ſkin,
May I lie ſtreckit at my eaſe,
Beneath the caller ſhady trees,
(Far frae the din o' Borrowſtoun,)
Whar water plays the haughs bedown,

To

To jouk the ſimmer's rigor there,
And breath a while the caller air
'Mang herds, an' honeſt cottar fock,
That till the farm and feed the flock;
Careleſs o' mair, wha never faſh
To lade their *kiſt* wi' uſeleſs *caſh*,
But thank the Gods for what they've ſent
O' health enough, and blyth content,
An' *pith*, that helps them to ſtravaig
Our ilka cleugh and ilka craig,
Unkend to a' the weary granes
That aft ariſe frae gentler banes,
On eaſy-chair that pamper'd lie,
Wi' bantefu' viands guſtit high,
And turn and fald their weary clay,
To rax and gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye ſages, tell, was man e'er made
To dree this hatefu' ſluggard trade?
Steckit frae Nature's beauties a'
That daily on his preſence ca';
At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine
For fav'rite diſhes, fav'rite wine:
Come then, ſhake off thir ſluggiſh ties,
And wi' the bird o' dawning riſe;
On ilka bank the clouds hae ſpread,
Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed;
Frae falds nae mair the owſen rout,
But to the fatt'ning clever lout,
Whare they may feed at heart's content,
Unyokit fra their winter's ſtent.

Unyoke then, man, an' binna ſweer
To ding a hole in ill-haind gear:
O think that Eild, wi' wily fit,
Is wearing nearer bit by bit;

Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,
What's ſiller for? Fiend haet awa.
But *gowden* playfair, that may pleaſe
The ſecond *Sharger* till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, and takes advice;
The chaiſe is yokit in a trice;
Awa drives he like huntit de'il,
And ſcarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel,
Till he's Lord kens how far awa',
At Italy, or Well o' Spaw,
Or to Montpelier's ſaſter air;
For far off *fowls* hae *feathers* fair.

There reſt him weel; for eith can we
Spare mony glakit gouks like he;
They'll tell whare *Tibur*'s waters riſe;
What *ſea* receives the drumly prize,
That never wi' their feet hae mett
The *Marches* o'er their ain eſtate.

The *Arno* and the *Tibur* lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman ſang;
But, ſave the reverence of ſchools!
They're baith but lifeleſs dowy pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer-bead?

Or

Or are their ſhores mair ſweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Tho' there the herds can jink the ſhow'rs,
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,
And blaw the reed to kittle ſtrains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains,
Like ours they canna warm the heart
Wi' ſimple, ſaft, bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious ſounds
That live on our *poetic* grounds.

Come, *Fancy*, come, and let us tread
The ſimmer's flow'ry velvet bed,
And a' your *ſprings* delightfu' lowſe
On *Tweed*'s fair banks or *Cowdenknows*,
That, ta'en wi' thy inchanting ſang,
Our Scottiſh lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleas'd, they'll never faſh again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they gueſs ye only wear
The ſimple garb o' *Nature* here;
Mair comely far, an' fair to ſight
Whan in her eaſy cleething dight,
Than in diſguiſe ye was before
On Tibur's, or on Arno's ſhore.

O *Bangour!* now the hills and dales
Nae mair gi'e back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournfu' muſe has left the ſhore:

Near what bright burn or chryſtal ſpring
Did you your winſome whiſtle hing?
The muſe ſhall there, wi' *wat'ry* eie,
Gi'e the dunk ſwaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame!
Shall there forget her blude-ſtrain'd ſtream,
On thy ſad grave to ſeek repoſe
Wha mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

LEITH RACES.

(By the Same.)

I.

IN July month, ae bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokelay green
Was ſpread o'er ilka rigg o' corn,
To charm our roving een;
Glouring about I ſaw a quean,
The faireſt 'neath the lift;
Her *Een* ware o' the ſiller ſheen,
Her *Skin* like ſnawy drift,
Sae white that day.

II.

Quod ſhe, "I ferly unco fair,
"That ye ſud muſand gae,
"Ye wha hae ſung o' *Hallow-fair*,
"Her winter's pranks and play:
Whan

" Whan on *Leith-ſands* the racers rare,
" Wi' Jocky louns are met,
" Their orro pennies there to ware,
" And drown themſells in debt
Fu' deep that day."

III.

An' wha are ye, my winſome dear,
That takes the gate ſae early?
Whare do ye win, gain ane may ſpire,
For I right meikle ferly,
That ſic braw buſkit laughing laſs
Thir bonny blinks ſhou'd gi'e,
An' loup like *Hebe* o'er the graſs,
As wanton and as free,
Frae dule this day.

IV.

" I dwall amang the caller ſprings,
" That weet the *Land* o' *Cakes*,
" And aften tune my canty ſtrings
" At *bridals* and *late-wakes*:
" They ca' me *Mirth*; I ne'er was kend
" To grumble or look ſour,
" But blyth wad be a lift to lend,
" Gif ye wad ſey my pow'r
" An' pith this day."

V.

A bargain be't, and, by my feggs,
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll ſcrew the cheery pegs,
Ye ſhanna find me blate;

We'll reel an' ramble thro' the ſands,
And jeer wi' a' we meet;
Nor hip the daft and gleeſome bands
That fill *Edina*'s ſtreet
Sae thrang this day.

VI.

Ere ſervant maids had wont to riſe
To ſeeth the breakfaſt kettle,
Ilk dame her braweſt ribbons tries,
To put her on her mettle,
Wi' wiles ſome ſilly chiel to trap,
(And troth he's fain to get her,)
But ſhe'll craw kniefly in his crap,
Whan, wow! he canna flit her
Frae hame that day.

VII.

Now, mony a ſcaw'd and bare-ars'd lown
Riſe early to their wark,
Enough to fley a muckle town,
Wi' dinſome ſqueel and bark.
" Here is the true an' faithfu' liſt
" O' Noblemen and Horſes; (griſt,
" Their eild, their weight, their height, their
" That rin for *Plates* or *Purſes*
" Fu' fleet this day."

VIII.

To *Whiſky Plooks* that brunt for wooks
On town-guard ſoldiers faces,
Their

Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
An' ſcrapes them for the races:
Their ſtumps erſt us'd to *filipes*,
Are dight in ſpaterdaſhes
Whaſe barkent hides ſcarce fend their legs
Frae weet and weary plaſhes
O' dirt that day.

IX.

" Come, haſe a care (the captain cries),
" On guns your bagnets thraw;
" Now mind your manual exerciſe,
" An' marſh down raw by raw."
And as they march he'll glowr about,
'Tent a' their cuts and ſcars:
Mang them fell mony a gauſy ſhout
Has guſht in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

X.

Her *Naneſel* maun be carefu' now,
Nor maun ſhe pe miſleard,
Sin baxter lads hae ſeal'd a vow
To ſkelp and clout the guard:
Im ſure *Auld Reikie* kens o' name
That wou'd be ſorry at it,
Tho' they ſhould dearly pay the kane,
An' get their tails weel ſautit
And fair this day.

XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*
Are now leſs eidant clinking,

As

As lang's their pith or ſiller dow,
They're daffin', and they're drinking.
Bedown *Leith-walk* what burrochs reel
Of ilka trade and ſtation,
That gar their wives an' childer feel
Toom weyms for their libation
O' drink this day.

XII.

The browſter wives thegither harl
A' traſh that they can fa' on;
They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,
To profit by the lawen:
For weel wat they a ſkin leal het
For drinking needs nae hire;
At drumbly gear they take nae pet;
Foul *Water* ſlockens *Fire*,
And drouth this day.

XIII.

They ſay, ill ale has been the deid
O' mony a beirdly lown;
Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
To ſweel hail bickers down:
Gin Lord ſend mony ane the morn,
They'll ban fu' ſair the time
That e'er they toutit aff the horn
Which wambles through their weym
Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies through the beech
Their bunch of *Findrums* cry,
An'

An' ſkirl out baul', in Norland ſpeech,
" Gueed ſpeldings, fa' will buy."
An', by my ſaul, they're nae wrang gear
To guſt a ſtirrah's mow;
Weel ſtaw'd wi' them, he'll never ſpear
The price o' being fu'
Wi' drink that day.

XV.

Now wyly wights at *Rowly Powl*,
An' flingin' o' the *Dice*,
Here brake the banes o' mony a ſoul,
Wi' fa's upo' the ice:
At firſt the gate ſeems fair an' ſtraught,
So they had fairly till her;
But wow! in ſpight o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their ſiller
An' goud that day.

XVI.

Around whare'er ye fling your een,
The *Haiks* like wind are ſcourin';
Some chaiſes honeſt folk contain,
An' ſome hae mony a *Whore* in;
Wi' roſe and lilly, red and white,
They gie themſelves ſic fit airs,
Like *Dian*, they will ſeem perfite;
But its nae goud that glitters
Wi' them this day.

XVII.

The LYON here, wi' open paw,
May cleek in mony hunder,
Wha

Wha geck at *Scotland* and her law,
His wily talons under;
For ken, though *Jamie*'s laws are auld,
(Thanks to the wiſe recorder),
His Lyon yet roars loud and bawld,
To had the Whigs in order
Sae prime this day.

XVIII.

To town-guard *Drum* of clangor clear,
Baith men and ſteeds are raingit;
Some liveries red or yellow wear,
And ſome are tartan ſpraingit:
And now the red, the blue e'en-now
Bids faireſt for the market;
But, ere the ſport be done, I trow
Their ſkins are gayly yarkit
And peel'd this day.

XIX.

Siclike in *Robinhood* debates,
Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;
E'en-now ſome couli gets his aits,
An' dirt wi' words they mingle,
Till up loups he, wi' diction fu',
There's lang and dreech conteſting;
For now they're near the point in view;
Now ten miles frae the queſtion,
In hand that night.

The

XX.

The races o'er, they hale the dools,
Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;
Great fock gae bibling hame like fools,
The cripple lead the blind.
May ne'er the canker o' the drink
E'er make our ſpirits thrawart,
'Caſe we git wharewitha' to wink
Wi' e'in as *blue*'s a *blawart*.
Wi' *ſtraiks* this day.

The INVITATION.

By Alexander Robertſon, of Struan, Eſq.

ART thou diſguſted at the world,
Oppreſs'd by her perfidious race?
Wouldſt thou no more with ſpight be hurl'd
A wanderer from place to place?
Wiſely retire with me, and, void of ſtrife,
Learn to deſtroy the tedious Hours of Life.

Fly from the Courtier's empty bow,
The Lawyer's quirk, the Stateſman's wile;
Believe not their moſt ſolemn Vow;
The Traitor hides in every ſmile.
Avoid the wretch who'd poiſon thee with praiſe,
And liſten to my ſalutary lays.

My quiet ſanctuary prepares,
In ſolitude, a peaceful cell,
Unknown to the tumultuous cares
That in the ſtately palace dwell.
Here never breach of ſacred Ties is ſeen,
In friend or kinſman, to provoke thy ſpleen.

Soon as *Aurora*'s early beams
Reveals what nightly ſhades had hid,
She bids the ſwain give o'er his dreams,
And labour as he dreamt he did:
The ſwain, obdient, firſt to Heav'n does pray,
And, full of hopes, is chearful all the day.

Thus, fortify'd with heav'nly truſt,
Sedately bold he treads the field,
While all the family of Luſt,
To Virtue's faireſt offspring yield;
Ambitious Av'rice and Impetuous ire,
When calm Contentment ſhews her face, retire.

Contentment happily obtain'd,
Each meditates his morning taſk;
Divinely gay that he has gain'd
The greateſt bleſſing man could aſk;
Without Contentment nought can eaſe our pain
And with it all calamities are vain.

Then do we jointly view the land
Where Nature craves the pow'r of Art,
And each employs his helping hand,
Each fond of his becoming part;

Th

The maſter reads the ſwain his rules of ſkill,
The ſwain exults t' obey the maſter's will.

And now the mid-day ſignal-ſound
Invites us to a healthy meal,
Where clean uncoſtly food is found,
Self-ſeaſon'd, yet of rich avail;
Modeſt Simplicity regales our wiſh,
And no diſeaſe is lurking in our diſh.

Refreſh'd with mod'rate homely fare,
We ſcorn the glutton's ſilken toys,
While we are bent on comely care,
A ſhameful ſloth ſeals down his eyes.
Not cloy'd with the luxuriancy of chear,
Our limbs are clever, and our heads are clear.

Thus furniſh'd, all obey the laws
For the meridian Sun's decline,
The maſter to his Muſe withdraws
To cultivate ſome thought divine;
Perhaps ſome rural author prompts his pains
To buſineſs that is paſtime to the ſwains.

Where groves luxuriant choak his road
To view kind Nature's works of ſkill,
Or where the meads are overflow'd
With torrents tumbling from each hill,
They lop the thickets, and the ſhade divide,
To build a bulwark to reſtrain the tide.

At length, when night begins to ſpread
Her gloomy veil o'er all the ſoil,

The ſwains are by the maſter led,
Not weary with the exceſs of toil,
To gentle morſels and a generous bowl,
To cheriſh nature and to glad the ſoul.

At laſt, our gratitude expreſs'd
For Heav'n's protection of the day,
Our frailties we reſign to reſt,
Impatient of our work's delay;
For ſoon as *Phœbus* leaves his duſky bow'rs,
We preſs, with innocence, to catch the fleeting hours.

Their PRAYER for PROSPERITY.

Almighty Three, who guard the juſt,
Our weakneſs and our ſtrength you ſee,
Increaſe our faith, and raiſe our truſt,
To the full height required by thee;
And as our aims regard thy holy laws,
So Heaven abandon or eſpouſe our cauſe.
AMEN.

An ODE.

(By the Same.)

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori. HOR.

To Mr. *J*——.

BLUSH not to court a common Dame,
Whom fate has caſt into thy clutches,
Great

Great *Marlbro'* ſtoop'd, and did the ſame,
Long e'er his doxy prov'd his Ducheſs.

Her ſiſter's charms, *Tyrconnel* priz'd 'em,
He felt their force, and could not ſhun it;
Then how ſhould you pretend to wiſdom,
Whoſe head can never fill his bonnet?

While heroes thus thy patterns are,
With heedleſs haſte purſue the game,
Thy reputation never fear,
It cannot crack with ſuch as them.

Hadſt thou, like them, been train'd to fire,
Like them thou'dſt been renown'd in fight;
And for thy nymph, perhaps her ſire
Was neither carpenter nor wright.

Then mock the vermin of this town,
E'en let them cenſure ſtill, and bawl,
Put on thy leering aukward frown,
And bid the L——d confound them all.

MUTUAL LOVE,

The greateſt Bleſſing upon Earth.

(By the Same.)

HOLD, wretch! who doſt pretend to know
The greateſt happineſs below,

Liſten

Liſten to me, 'tis I that can
Inſtruct thee who's the happy man.
'Tis not the tyrant of the *Port*,
Tho' crowds of ſlaves about his court,
With watchful eyes obey his nod,
With humble rev'rence, like a God:
Tho' ſparkling diamonds he can ſhow
In wreaths around his haughty brow;
And all the world he much excels
In ſpawn of oriental ſhells:
Tho', for his eaſe, in pomp he lie
Beneath a golden canopy,
Upon the ſofteſt downy bed
That eaſtern Monarch ever had;
And from his ſhoulders, to the ground,
The richeſt robe that e'er was found
In *Perſia* falls, the like before
As ne'er was ſeen to ſweep a floor;
Tho' coſtly food, (in *Ophir*'s plate)
Fit for a king alone to eat,
Be on his board in order plac'd,
To court at once the eyes and taſte;
And, when the ſumptuous feaſt is o'er,
He brings the choice of all his ſtore;
The moſt delicious healing juice
That fruitful nature can produce,
And all the night, with trumpet's ſound,
Quaffs the immortal liquor round:
If by ſucceſsful love oppreſs'd,
He's but a royal ſlave at beſt.
But he that juſtly can maintain
That her he loves loves him again,

Without

Without a reaſon to ſuſpect
Indifference, or cold neglect,
Above all others does poſſeſs
The trueſt ſtate of happineſs.
For this I'll ſlight the ſpacious ball,
Dorinda's mine, and worth it all.

The ASS and the HARE. A FABLE.

(By the Same.)

IN ancient times, it is related,
All animals, like woman, prated,
And often battled 'mongſt themſelves,
Like as the race of human elves;
And, like us too, for ſordid cauſe,
Aſpers'd their King, and laugh'd at Laws.

One time the puny ſort of brutes
Againſt their maſters rais'd diſputes,
And boldly told the pow'rs of prey,
That they were lords as well as they,
Born equally to ſhare the land,
From nature's own impartial hand.
This doctrine made the peers and prince
Beware of flatt'rers ever ſince,
That ſet good people by the ears.
Amongſt the mob of mutineers.

The

The lumpiſh Aſs and rattled Hare
Muſt needs into the field repair,
Tho' all can find, who ſee aright,
Theſe champions were not made to fight:
Therefore their leader thought it fit,
To learn what beſt might ſuit their wit,
And, e'er he ſent them to the field,
Inquir'd what weapons they could wield,
Deſirous from themſelves to know,
How they preſum'd to face a foe,
For martial talents ne'er were ſeen
In beaſts of their pacifick mein.
Quoth BOOBY, I can roar a note
Might fright the Devil from the ſpot;
Or when the ſot would ſhut his eyes,
To take a nap, I'll make him riſe;
And when the daſtard ſinks to reſt,
I rouze him from his dirty neſt.
Quoth CHATTER-BRAIN, I'll beat a platter,
To gather friends, or foes to ſcatter;
And I am train'd, with ſkin and kettle,
To beat the ſluggards out to battle.
At which the gen'ral call'd, come, come!
You ſhall be trumpet, you be drum.
And now the armies fierce are gather'd,
Four-footed chiefs, and captains feather'd:
'Tis true the fiſhes came not there,
'Twas death for them to breath in air;
Beſides 'twas folly they ſhould meet;
You know to march one muſt have feet.

At length the nobler train advance,
With fury *a la mode de France;*
At which the vulgar quit the field,
Forget the noiſe, and calmly yield.
Their din and clutter give no aid
To ſouls whom dint of worth had laid.
The captive Aſs and Hare in vain
Attempted, in their awkard ſtrain,
T' excuſe the malice of their guilt,
Becauſe, forſooth, no blood they ſpilt,
Nor active were in thruſts or blows,
But mere ſpectators till the cloſe.
But the wiſe victor plainly ſaw,
Who ſpurns the authors of the law,
Muſt for his folly meet his fate,
And periſh to preſerve the ſtate.

The judgement is both law and reaſon,
Who prompts the villain, props the treaſon.

THE CARLESS GOOD-FELLOW.

A SONG.

To the tune of Ne parlez plus de Politique.

(By the ſame.)

PLAGUE on the race of politicians,
Both great and ſmall,
Tho' they be call'd the ſtate's phyſicians,
They poiſon all:
Let them be fraudfully eſpouſing
Or *George* or *James*;
We'll here, in peace of mind carouſing,
Diſmiſs their claims.

Why ſhould we mind king *Staniſlaus*,
Or him of *France*,
Their harmony ſhall never draw us
To join their dance.
Ev'n let the *Saxon*, with the *Ruſſian*,
The *Viſtula* paſs,
We'll to themſelves leave the diſcuſſion,
And drink our glaſs.

If *Don Philippo* ſhould recover
What was his own,
While little *Carlos* makes a pother
To mount a throne,
Let them repine who feel their loſſes,
The toper ſings.
While roſy wine's a cure for croſſes,
A fig for kings.

Let the poor herd of *German* princes
Their bacon ſave,
And leave his head that no more ſenſe has
Than God him gave.
If *Berwick* (much averſe to plunder)
Harraſs the *Rhine*,
We'll beg him ſpare his fire and thunder,
To ſave the vine.

Let the *Sardinian* hero caper,
And caſt his coat,
Nor ſeek in armour keen to vapour;
He likes it not.
Let him beſtir his limbs to conquer
The *Milaneſe*;
Give us of *Burgundy* a bumper,
We're much at eaſe.

Should the grand *Turk* with *Janizaries*
His limits croſs,
And drive *Auguſtus* o'er his ferries,
'Twere no great loſs:

And ſhould he broach his vile opinions,
What muſt we do?
We have much worſe in our dominions;
Come here's to you.

Let old *Papa*, with crown like ſteeple,
His ſons adviſe,
And curb his much believing people,
With truth or lies:
Let him ride on, and keep the ſaddle,
'Tis none of mine;
With nought that's *Romiſh* will we meddle,
Except their wine.

Myn-heer-van-frog no ſalamander
Appears to be,
And hates the toils of *Alexander*,
As much as we:
Who'd live in flames, and puſh the quarrel
With *France* and *Spain*;
'Tis ſafer far to pierce yon barrel
Of ſtout champain.

And now let diſcord far be from us
In any ſhape.
Nor Chriſtian blood be drawn among us,
But from the grape.
Come fill the bowl, for in ſuch meaſure
As wine does riſe,
We'll, rich in ſo divine a treaſure,
The world deſpiſe.

A Letter to Lord JAMES MURRAY, on an invitation ſent by his Grace to *St—n* to be at his hunting; ſent with *Padua*, a rakiſh Clergyman, attended by an old woman leading a leiſh of greyhounds.

(By the ſame.)

I.

I Send you here a man of GOD,
Not doubting you'll be civil,
Although he has a viſage odd,
And ſomething like the Devil.

II.

Yet ſure you will reſpect his coat,
For which the heav'ns will thank ye,
Altho' your countrymen did not
So much at *Killicranky*.

III.

Let him into your ſecrets come,
And ſhare your cloſe embraces,
He'll not deſert you, there's my thumb,
Whate'er the knotty caſe is.

IV.

IV.

Some ſay he's whig, ſome ſay he's not
A follower of *Jack Calvin*,
But ſure I am he'll never plot
In concert with *Bredalbane*.

V.

Yet he, like him, thro' many holes,
Did graſp at Madam *Fortune*,
And once was guardian to the ſouls
Of great *A——l* and *M——n*.

VI.

For which you'll ſay they knew not well,
Poor ſouls, what they were doing,
Becauſe the one went ſtreight to hell,
The other faſt purſuing.

VII.

Yet ſtill he, like a paſtor true,
Cry'd, pleaſures, Sirs, may pain you,
O do not, do not, as I do,
But do as I ordain you.

VIII.

At which the Heroes were not damp'd,
But gave the Prieſt a bang, Sir,
Whereat he ſtorm'd, he ſtar'd, he ſtamp'd,
He f—ted and he flang, Sir.

IX.

Yet he, poor man, for all his zeal
For church and conventicle,
Could ne'er procure one cup of ale,
The times were ſtill ſo fickle.

X.

When theſe misfortunes he ſums up,
I'm ſure they'll never pleaſe you,
Then give him, Sir, one humming cup,
Ev'n for the ſake of *Jeſu*.

A POEM,

Written at *Orleans*, in anſwer to a Friend that deſired him to write on a Love-Subject.

(By the ſame.)

IN vain my friend, you would deſire
A drooping muſe to prune her wing;
Since *Phœbus* has withdrawn his fire,
Alas! what pow'r have I to ſing?
No drops of heat can fall from Winter's rage,
Nor youthful lays from him that's dipp'd in age.

II.

I am no more that jolly ſwain,
Which you would ſeem to think me ſtill,
Who once could revel thro' the plain,
While love-ſick maids approv'd my ſkill:
I lead no more that am'rous airy throng,
Nor joys, nor graces wanton in my ſong.

III.

Thoſe brighter hours are vaniſh'd quite,
Their memory alone remains,
Nature ſuccumbs with nature's weight,
And nothing now deſerves my pains,
But, with my greateſt fortitude, to wave
The gloomy thoughts of an approaching grave.

IV.

No, no, ſince envious time has ſpread
Upon my crown his hoary white,
Apollo's daughters all are fled,
And ſtart with horror at my ſight,
Like mortal dames, reluctant to engage
With the decays of youth and growth of age.

V.

My waſting mem'ry ſeems to tell
My reas'ning faculty decays,
My ſinking frame anounces well
The haſt'ning period of my days;

I curſe

I curſe the paſt, the preſent gives me pain,
But, oh! the future quite confounds my brain.

VI.

Beſides, can love amuſe a ſoul
Whoſe honeſt labour's hourly croſs'd,
Has no reſcource, but to condole
His king diſtreſs'd, his country loſt:
His kindred's blood throughout the nation ſpilt,
Himſelf exil'd, all by prevailing guilt.

VII.

Believe me, youth, now all my thought
Is fix'd upon my future change,
Tho' wrongs have been my conſtant lot,
I meditate to none revenge,
But ever pray the Pow'r that knows my heart,
Not to confound my foes, but to convert.

VIII.

Then learn of me to keep a ſtore
Of goodneſs for thy laſt defence,
Let fleeting pleaſures blind no more
Thy ſoul, to gratify thy ſenſe:
But know, when death appears to end our ſtrife,
No peace like his that acted well in life.

IX.

This do I feel, and all mankind
Will in their turn confeſs the ſame,
Ev'n you yourſelf one day will find,
Your paſſions' dictates all to blame,
And wiſh the rueful retroſpection laid
In dark oblivion's ever-ſilent ſhade.

X.

And happy I, if, from this hour,
My true affection to diſplay,
My timely counſel can have pow'r
To lead you from the ſlipp'ry way,
And make you ſlight the joys that prove at laſt a curſe,
And ſhun the diſmal pangs of a too late remorſe.

A POEM,

On *Struan*'s intending to leave a Country-Life, and go to Court.

(By the ſame.)

ONCE ſung thy friend in his well-meaning ſtrain,
The pride of hills, and glories of the plain,
The cattle friſking from their eaſy yoke,
The farmer's glorious ſtate: And thus he ſpoke.

Soon

Soon as the lab'ring ſwain directs the plough,
The willing earth divides, and bids him ſow;
And when to Heav'n he lifts his humble ſuit,
The ſeed impregnated grows up to fruit;
Unlike the warrior's turbulence of flame,
He hungers not for ſpoil, nor thirſts for fame;
Sedate he ſmiles at life and fortune's wheels,
And, while no loſs he fears, no pain he feels;
He mocks the plodding ſtateſman's anxious care,
His frequent hopes and frequent deep deſpair;
Succeſs in proſpect ſeldom truly fills
With joy the mind that's meditating ills.
The politician frets till nations arm,
While the calm ploughman chears his ſcanty farm;
His high deſires are ſuſtenance and health,
To camps and courts he leaves ſuperior wealth;
Illicit luſt, and the luxurious board,
No pious contemplation can afford;
Qualms of remorſe, and undigeſted ſteams,
Diſtract the brain, and diſconcert the dreams,
While ſimple food, with an eſpouſal kind,
Enliven nature, and compoſe the mind.
Thus writ thy kinſman young, with comely zeal,
Can chearful ſenſe and ſpirit not prevail?
And can remarks of a conſummate ſage,
Paſs unregarded from this blooming age?
No ſure, ſince providence has caſt thy lot
In pleaſing places, be not thoſe forgot.

O STREPHON! ſince thou lov'ſt a calm retreat,
Hat'ſt ſordid av'rice, and abhor'ſt the cheat,
The Heav'ns, propitious to thy wiſh, prepare
An offspring virtuous for thy manſions fair;
A race ſtill ſhining, whoſe bright gen'rous flames
Never extinguiſh'd in plebeian ſtreams,
Let their intreaties move thee to recal
A purpoſe may be diſmal to them all.
Behold thy truſty menials weeping ſtand,
Obſequious to perform thy juſt command,
While poor dejected ſupliants beg thy call,
To rear plantations where the foreſts fall;
Make rugged hills, to pleaſe ſo kind a ſwain,
Sink their proud tops to a ſubmiſſive plain;
Or teach the plain, if ſuch be STREPHON's will,
To raiſe its baſe to an aſpiring hill.
Mark how they all unite, and beg thy ſtay,
Canſt thou then urge thy ſteps, and haſte away.
Be it ne'er ſaid of STREPHON he deny'd
His tender aid when poor and needy cry'd;
For in each footſtep of his life 'tis known,
To mind their wants he quite forgets his own.
The GOD, who dealt thy ſorrows for the beſt,
Has, for a life of toils, now doom'd thee reſt;
Nor bars thee aught, in thy probation-ſtate,
But a meet help to make thy joys compleat.

THE

The DEMAGOGUE.

(By Mr. FAULKNER, *Author of* the Shipwreck, Ode to the Duke of YORK, &c.)

BOLD is th' attempt, in theſe licentious times,
When with ſuch towering ſtrides Sedition climbs,
With ſenſe or ſatire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great deciſive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the paſs of Fate to bar her way:
Whoſe heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking ſnares of ſpecious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And ſtem, with ſtubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, inſolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thouſand mortal ſhafts in ſecret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Purſues th' incautious victim to deſtroy:
And ſlander ſtrives, with unrelenting aim,
To ſpit her blaſting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming Vermin dart their feeble ſtings:
In vain the wretch retreats while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.

Inclos'd

Inclos'd with perils thus the conſcious Muſe,
Alarm'd, tho' undiſmay'd, her danger views.
Nor ſhall unmanly terror now controul
The ſtrong reſentment ſtruggling in her ſoul;
While indignation, with reſiſtleſs ſtrain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each ſwelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward-breaſt,
By ſordid caution is her voice ſuppreſt,
While Arrogance with big theatric rage,
Audacious ſtruts on Power's imperial ſtage;
Whole o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Diſcord ſcreaming ſhakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The ſacrilegious ſword Rebellion draws;
Shall ſhe at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethè's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! ſhe fears no threat'ning foe,
When conſcious Juſtice bids her boſom glow:
And, while *ſhe* kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendſhip blame!
She feels the ſting of keen Reſentment goad,
Tho' guiltleſs yet of Satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vaſſal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Aſs thro' Gotham bray!
Our poet brandiſhes no mimic ſword,
To rule a realm of Dunces ſelf-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curſe his iron ſway.
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herſelf, unarm'd, the fearleſs muſe
Thro' reaſon's path her ſteddy courſe purſues:

True

True to herſelf advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the ſavage herd.
As ſome bold ſurgeon, with inſerted ſteel,
Probes deep the putrid ſore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall ſhe with cauſtic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient ſlumber ſatire wakes,
And brandiſhes th' avenging ſcourge of ſnakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark receſſes of his heart diſplay;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in ſevereſt danger's trying hour!
Let Truth conſenting with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auſpicious ſtrains, proclaim!
He bade the tempeſt of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from ſhore to ſhore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my boſom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applauſe beſtow'd!
Applauſe, that, genuine as the bluſh of youth,
Unknown to guile, was ſanctify'd by truth!
How oft I bleſt the PATRIOT's honeſt rage,
That greatly dar'd to laſh the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and ſtrong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all corruption's venal arts defy'd!

When

When from afar thoſe penetrating eyes
Beheld each ſecret hoſtile ſcheme ariſe;
Watch'd every motion of the faithleſs foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd and baffled every blow:
A fond enthuſiaſt, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in ſecret with congenial flame;
While my young boſom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real Virtue thine alone.

Such then he ſeem'd, and ſuch indeed might be,
If truth with error ever could agree!
Sure ſatire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object ſhe deſign'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue ſhould ſo ſoon decay,
And faction's wild applauſe thy heart betray!
The muſe with ſecret ſympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when thoſe dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread diſcord and diſtraction thro' the ſtate,
Reaſon ſhould then exert her utmoſt power
To guard our paſſions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conſcious heart
Durſt from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous ſentiment it glow'd,
A ſtranger to Corruption's ſlippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durſt avow
Thoſe honeſt maxims he deſpiſes now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at th' inſatiate German vulture rail!

Whoſe

Whoſe cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whoſe hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The miſts of errour, that in darkneſs held
Our reaſon, like the ſun, his voice diſpell'd.
And lo! exhauſted, with no power to ſave,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung round her neck, a milſtone's ponderous weight
Drags down the ſtruggling victim to her fate!
While horrour at the thought our boſom feels,
We bleſs the man this horrour who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze,
For, lo! poſſeſt of power's imperial reins,
Our chief thoſe viſionary ills diſdains!
Alas! how ſoon the ſteddy PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change aſtoniſh'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill th' accurſt Weſtphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millſtone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, ſtrange to tell, ſtill ſtranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er ſaw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once tranſplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in diſtant Auſtria ſtand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Weſtphalia utters groan for groan:

By ſympathy ſhe fevers with her fires,
Burns as ſhe burns, and as ſhe dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with ſucceſs, and with applauſe inflam'd,
He ſcorn'd all caution, all advice diſclaim'd;
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Thoſe patriot-principles maintain'd before.
Perverſe, inconſtant, obſtinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful ſtrand,
He once devoted all his powers to brand!

Our hapleſs country views, with weeping eyes,
On every ſide o'erwhelming horrors riſe;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhauſted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies waſted with inceſſant toils,
Or doom'd to periſh in contagious ſoils,
To guard ſome needy royal plunderer's throne,
And ſent to fall in battles not their own.
Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'ercharge'd
With grievous burdens annually enlarge'd:
Cruſh'd with increaſing taxes to the ground,
That ſuck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with ſevere diſtreſs th' induſtrious poor,
Driven by the ruthleſs landlord to the door.

While

While thus our land her hapleſs fate bemoans,
In ſecret, and with inward ſorrow groans;
Tho' deck'd with tinſel trophies of renown,
All gaſht with ſores, with anguiſh bending down,
Can yet ſome impious parricide appear,
Who ſtrives to make this anguiſh more ſevere?
Can one exiſt, ſo much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with freſh effuſion flow?

There can; to him in vain ſhe lifts her eyes,
His ſoul relentleſs hears her piercing ſighs!
Shameleſs of front, impatient of controul,
He ſpurs her onward to deſtruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curſt Weſtphalia's ſhore,
With mad profuſion to exhauſt her ſtore,
Still Peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the ſight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reaſon ſpurns;
'Till preſt with danger, by diſtreſs aſſail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er ſkill prevail'd:
Till foundering in the ſtorm himſelf had brew'd,
He ſtrives at laſt its horrours to elude.
Some wretched ſhift muſt ſtill protect his name,
And to the guiltleſs head transfer his ſhame:
Then hearing modeſt Diffidence oppoſe
His raſh advice, that golden time he choſe;
And while big ſurges threatened to o'erwhelm
The ſhip, inglorioufly forſook the helm.

But all th' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate:
He firſt aſſum'd by mean perfidious art
Thoſe patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauſes ſwell'd,
Thruſt himſelf forward into power, and held
The reins, on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with ſucceſs, could own:
Betray'd her intereſt, and abus'd her truſt;
Then deaf to prayers, forſook her in diſguſt;
With tragic mummery, and moſt vile grimmace,
Rode thro' the city with a woeful face,
As in diſtreſs, a PATRIOT out of place!
Inſults his generous Prince, and in the day
Of trouble ſkulks, becauſe he cannot ſway!
In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD riſe!

She comes! from Hell th' exulting Fury ſprings!
With grim Deſtruction ſailing on her wings!
Around her ſcream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons ſhriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt, on high,
Full-drawn the deadlieſt ſhafts of ſatire fly,
Where Churchill brandiſhes his clumſy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, aukward and unclean,
Crawls on his native duſt, a worm obſcene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
Myriads of nameleſs buzzing drones appear:

From

From their dark cells the angry inſects ſwarm,
And every little ſting attempt to arm.
Here *Chaplains* *, *Privileges* *, moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges* * rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick ſtrives, with fruitleſs aim,
With Grubſtreet ſlander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the ſlavering, ſnarling cur,
But only fills his famiſh'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin ſpreads th' aſſaſſinating cloak,
Where lurking rancour gives the ſecret ſtroke;
While gorge'd with filth, around this ſenſeleſs block,
A ſwarm of ſpider-bards obſequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat with lifted hoof
In *Poets-corner* hangs each flimſy woof;
And friſky grown, attempts, with aukward prance,
On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, ſeiz'd with iliac paſſion mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for ſatire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, faction's common ſewer,
Diſgorges all her excremental ſtore.

With equal pity and regret the muſe
The thundering ſtorms that rage around her views;

* Certain poems, intended to be very ſatirical; but, alas!—we refer our reader to the Reviews.

Impartial

Impartial views the tides of Diſcord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend:
Were not her patriot-heart with anguiſh torn,
Would eye th' oppoſing chiefs with equal ſcorn.
Let freedom's deadlieſt foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her, who govern, or who fall!
Aloof ſhe ſtands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villany the ſcourge of juſtice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilks."
Let ſome ſoft mummy of a peer, who ſtains
His rank, ſome ſodden lump of Aſs's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his ſanction give;
Support his ſlander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wiſdom all to him ſubmit!
Let proud ambition's ſons with heart ſevere,
Like parricides, their mothers bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag diſplay,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward-juſtice, trembling on her ſeat,
Like a vile ſlave deſcends to lick her feet!

Nor here let cenſure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muſe has ſtray'd!
Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant burſting, ſwamps th' adjacent grounds;

But

But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel ſtill purſues its way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleaſure knows,
But every man and meaſure to oppoſe;
Like Æſop's cur, ſtill ſnarling and perverſe,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curſe,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who adviſe contend:
He bids diſtraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, ſwelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes*:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary perſon is characteriſed, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very ſimiliar complexion and conſtitution, who was alſo diſtinguiſhed by a train of incidents pretty nearly reſembling thoſe we have mentioned above; although he poſſibly never anticipated the ſimilitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our hiſtorian informs us, that "Luca Pitt, a bold and reſolute man, being now made gonfalionere of juſtice,——having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpoſe, he not only treated thoſe that were members of the council with great inſolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and ſoon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo in the month of Auguſt 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them by force of arms to do that which they would not ſo much as hear of before.——Pitt had alſo very rich preſents not only from Coſimo and the ſigniory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generoſity

Swallows

Swallows the penſion; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon, thus of old, his name to ſave,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But ſhould ſome frantic wretch, whom all men know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to ſhame and friendſhip's ſocial tie;
Should ſuch a miſcreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wreſting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Wouldſt thou with this deteſted robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid, it Heaven! thou canſt not be ſo baſe,
To blaſt thy name with infamous diſgrace!

to him; ſo that it was thought he had above twenty thouſand ducats given him at that time. After which he became ſo popular, that the city was no longer governed by Coſimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inſpired him with the vanity.——After this he had recourſe to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater preſents from the chief citizens, but alſo made the commonalty ſupply him with workmen and artificers." MACHIAVEL's Hiſt. Florence. This has an unlucky reſemblance to a certain great perſon's driving through the city with borrowed horſes, and being offered to have his horſes unyoked, and his chariot drawn, by his good friends the mob. We ſhall, in due time and place, give ſome account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the Contempt with which, after ſome particular events, he was univerſally regarded.

The

The muſe, who wakes, yet trimphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not ſo black a thought anticipate!
By heaven the muſe her ignorance betrays;
For while a thouſand eyes with wonder gaze,
Tho' gorge'd and glutted with his country's ſtore,
The vulture pounces on the ſhining ore;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.

THE great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, ſtrikes expectation dumb.
O! patient, injured England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and liſten to the muſe's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair ſucceſſion ſhall impart!

ERE yet the deſolating god of war
Had cruſh'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had ſhook her ſhores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms!
In climes remote beyond the ſetting ſun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain, did thy filial boſom groan!
What ſavage armies did thy realms invade!
Unarm'd, and diſtant from maternal aid?
Thy cottages with cruel flames conſum'd,
And the ſad owner to deſtruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguiſh torn,
Or left to periſh naked and forlorn!

What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins ſhriek'd in vain!
In every look diſtraction ſeem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and deſpair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and inſtant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming ſword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean-wave her voice was known,
That ſhook the deep abyſs from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the ſtorm of lightning on the foe;
Nor ceas'd till crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet *.

* Although our author has no preſent inclination to enter into political controverſy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in ſome meaſure is connected with this part of his ſubject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-ſubjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ſhip provided in time of war to exchange the priſoners of any two hoſtile powers; alſo to carry any particular requeſt or propoſal from the one to the other: For this reaſon ſhe is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a ſingle gun for firing ſignals.

"Our honeſt Americans, however, who have ſo ſorely grieved of late for paying a ſmall part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no ſcruple to diſobey and deſpiſe this regulation of cartels during the late War, but, on the

HER fears diſpell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds induſtriouſly improv'd,

the contrary, gave continual ſupplies of proviſions to our enemies in the Weſt-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen ſpirits, at a time when they were gaſping under the weight of our arms. With ſo much addreſs indeed, did theſe oppreſſed and unfortunate traders conduct this ſcheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the ſame time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. ſailed together for the French iſlands, and, in order to evade the ſtrict examination of our ſhips of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the ſame expert owners, to ſeize their own veſſels, and direct their courſe to the places of their firſt deſtination; but if they were examined by our ſhips of war, to an Engliſh port. But this clumſey trick did not long eſcape the vigilance of our naval-officers, who found that the fellows ſent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-maſters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ſhip; and of conſequence only ſent to elude their ſcrutiny.

"The moſt bare-faced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the ſeizing an armed veſſel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take theſe illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppoſe and diſtreſs. They employed a crew of ruffians, who ſeized his veſſel openly, in the moſt unwarranted and lawleſs manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when ſhe had only five men aboard: and ſo inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a ſtronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the ſeveral governors and councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade.

Whitehall, 24 Auguſt, 1760.

Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
crown'd,
And Plenty ſmiling on her plains around,
Thus bleſt with all that commerce could ſupply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the *Parent*, who ſo late
Had ſnatch'd her gaſping from the jaws of fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treaſures waſted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that ſuck her vital blood;
Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging ſword ſhe drew.

Gentleman,

" The commanders of his Majeſty's forces and fleets in North America and the Weſt Indies have tranſmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and moſt pernicious trade carried on by the king's ſubjects in North America and the Weſt Indies, as well to the French iſlands, as to the French ſettlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Miſſiſippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are ſupplied with proviſions and other neceſſaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to ſuſtain and protract this long and expenſive war. And it further appearing, that large ſums of bullion are ſent by the king's ſubjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the Britiſh colonies themſelves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the moſt manifeſt prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain: In order, therefore, to put the moſt ſpeedy and effectual ſtop to ſuch flagitious practices, ſo utterly ſubverſive of all laws, and ſo highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

" It

SCARCE had America the juſt requeſt
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithleſs breaſt,
Reſentment glows, enrag'd ſedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws ſhe ſpurns!
Her ſecret hate, incapable of ſhame
Or gratitude, incenſes to a flame,
Derides our power, bids inſurrection riſe,
Inſults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coaſts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England ſhall rule America no more."
SOON as on Britain's ſhore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;

"It is his Majeſty's expreſs will and pleaſure, that you do forthwith make the ſtricteſt and moſt diligent enquiry into the ſtate of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do uſe every means in your power to detect and diſcover perſons concerned either as principals or acceſſaries therein; and that you do take every ſtep authorized by law to bring all ſuch heinous offenders to the moſt exemplary and condign puniſhment: and you will, as ſoon as may be, and from time to time, tranſmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progreſs you ſhall have made in the execution of this his Majeſty's commands, to the which the King expects that you pay the moſt exact obedience. And you are further to uſe your utmoſt endeavours to trace out and inveſtigate the various artifices and evaſions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourſe find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from ſuch lights due and timely conſiderations may be had what farther proviſion may be neceſſary to reſtrain an evil of ſuch extenſive and pernicious conſequences.

I am, &c.

Yet

Yet loth to puniſh, ſhe her ſcourge withheld
From her perfidious ſons who thus rebell'd:
Now ſtung with anguiſh, now with rage aſſail'd,
Till pity in her ſoul at laſt prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal ſteel
Till fair Perſuaſion made her laſt appeal.

And now the great deciſive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *Patriot* caſt her eye;
His voice like thunder will ſupport her cauſe,
Enforce her dictates, and ſuſtain her laws;
Rich with her ſpoils, his ſanction will diſmay,
And bid th' inſurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to hit,
Diſcover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and ſwagger,
The ſenſe to puzzle, and the brain to ſtagger?
Our *Patriot* comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the muſe
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portreſs of hell-gate he ſtands,
Bellona's ſcourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous ſhark,
'A cry of hell-hounds never-ceaſing bark!'
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millſtone hangs upon his neck!
On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.

Our

Our *Patriot* comes! — the buckles of whoſe
ſhoes
Not Cromwell's ſelf was worthy to unlooſe.
Repeat his name in thunder to the ſkies!
Ye hills fall proſtrate, and ye vales ariſe!
Thro' faction's wilderneſs prepare the way!
Prepare, ye liſtening ſenates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him ſtand,
The Alpha and Omega of the land!

METHINKS I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*
Dumb-ſounding declamations diſembogue,
Expreſſions of immeaſurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of
ſtrength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the ſenſe;
And words, deep-rank'd in horrible array,
Exaſperated metaphors convey!
With theſe auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd ſedition beat the charge;
From England's ſanguine hope his aid with-
draws,
And lifts to *guide* in inſurrection's cauſe.
And lo! where, in her ſacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while ſhe yet ſuſpends her impious aim,
With thoſe infernal lungs arouſe the flame!
Tho' England merits not her leaſt regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes ſhall reward!

Ariſe,

Ariſe, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies, and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
They ſignal her black enſigns to diſplay *.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To thee, whoſe ſoul, all ſteadfaſt and ſerene,
Beholds the tumults that diſtract our ſcene;
And, in the calmer ſeats of wiſdom plac'd,
Enjoys the ſweets of ſentiment and taſte:

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, preſuming upon his late alliance, and the promiſes which Pietro had made him; * * * * But amongſt all the changes that enſued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the caſe of Luca Pitti, who ſoon began to experience the difference betwixt proſperity and adverſity, betwixt living in authority and falling into diſgrace. His houſe, which uſed to be crowded with ſwarms of followers and dependents, was now as unfrequented as a deſart; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being ſeen with him, but durſt not even ſalute him if they met him in the ſtreet; ſome of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their eſtates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen; the ſervices he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuſe; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable preſents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before uſed to flatter and extol him to the ſkies, in theſe circumſtances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence. So that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hiſt. Flor.

To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions ſway,
Th' impartial muſe devotes her honeſt lay!
In her fond breaſt no proſtituted aim,
Nor venal hope, aſſumes fair friendſhip's name.
Sooner ſhall *Churchill*'s feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *Demagogue* aſtray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
Eclipſe great *Mansfield*'s ſtrong, meridian light,
Than ſhall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendſhip in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering ſcenes of war;
Or in the bleſt retreat of virtue laid,
Where Contemplation ſpreads her awful ſhade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven deſert me at my lateſt hour!

STILL ſatire bids my boſom beat to arms,
And throb with irreſiſtible alarms.
Like ſome full river charg'd with falling ſhowers,
Still o'er my breaſt her ſwelling deluge pours.
But reſt and ſilence now, who wait beſide,
With their ſtrong flood-gates bar th' impetuous tide.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

INFIDELITY.

Addreſſed to Captain *W——m M——n*, Father of the *Faſhionable Daughter*.

APPROACH, ſtern Winter, in thy gloomy dreſs,
Let bleak winds howl and raging ſtorms diſtreſs:
No more in chearful green ye woods be clad,
Or tow'ring oaks afford a leafy ſhade.
Ye blooming flow'rets droop your heads, and die,
If e'er the falſe, the perjur'd fair be nigh:
Each damaſk roſe ſhall bluſh itſelf to death,
The tainted victim of *Roſina*'s breath.

Once brighteſt nymph on *Caledonia*'s plains,
Her ſex's envy, idol of the ſwains;
She reign'd by beauty o'er a thouſand hearts,
Her eyes the bow, her ſmiles the fatal darts.
Pleas'd, her ſoft chains the willing captives wore,
Nor wiſh'd that freedom which they knew before.
Majeſtic ſweetneſs in her air was ſeen,
And all the graces revell'd in her mien.
Her winning ſoftneſs fatally could prove,
To ſee was rapture,—and to hear was love!

" Clitander

Clitander came ;—he ſaw, and he ador'd :
In vain had others ſigh'd, in vain implor'd,
But he more favour'd, happier than the reſt,
Obtain'd her love, and in that love was bleſt.
No hope he knew, but what could give her joy,
Her bliſs alone did all his thoughts employ :
To her he made the charms of learning yield,
And ev'ry thought was with *Roſina* fill'd
Nor leſs the maid for fond *Clitander* ſigh'd,
If he were abſent ev'ry pleaſure died :
Or did he frown—the ſtarting tear expreſs'd,
That fear had robb'd her panting heart of reſt.
Tir'd of the croud, they'd ſeek ſome bleſt
retreat,
Where unmoleſted they might ſafe repeat—
The tender thought, which abſence had inſpir'd;
The mutual flame, with which their breaſts were
fir'd.
Pale *Cynthia*, as ſhe mark'd her nightly way,
With beam enamour'd o'er the ſtream did play :
Which glided ſoft beſide the charming bow'r,
Where the fond pair beguil'd the ev'ning hour.
Her they invok'd to hear their ſolemn vow
While to the Power Supreme their hearts did
bow.
With ready hand they each a contract ſign'd,
Which ſhould, as marriage, firm both parties
bind.
" But what is bliſs, that changeth e're 'tis
noon ?"
A tranſient ſunſhine, and precarious boon.

The treach'rous fair, when threat'ning ſtorms drew nigh,
Sought for the ſhelter of a milder ſky.
Ah, wretched maid! can'ſt thou thy vows recall,
Or bid their pow'r to dark oblivion fall!
Say, can'ſt thou blot them from the ſacred page,
To pleaſe a blinded father's fooliſh rage?
What's the reverſion which thy perjury gains?
A youth of ſorrow, deep diſgrace, and pains.
Old age ſhall bring thee little elſe but ſhame,
And conſcience gnaw thee with perpetual blame.
See him, whom once you fondly wiſh'd ſo well,
Ah, ſee him languiſh—hear him pleading dwell
On joys, for ever, and for ever paſt,
On vows, you ſcorn—but which ſhall ever laſt.
Truth is his guide, or he would hate your charms,
And ſpurn the ſoft enchantment of your arms.
Deaf as the adder—in coquetry loſt,
By pride upon the rocks of error toſt;
Or more then pride—by guilty wiſhes led,
The giddy fair forſakes the hallow'd bed!
In ſearch of pleaſures without ſanction flies,
And to her God—and to her huſband, lies.
Infatuated father, timely hear—
And for thyſelf and for thy daughter fear.
A threat'ning cloud hangs o'er your guilty heads,
And far and wide the dreadful miſchief ſpreads.
Stern Juſtice ſhakes her ready lifted rod,
And yelling furies point to their abode.

And

And wilt thou lead her to the brink of hell,
Where all the perjur'd and malicious dwell?
What! wilt thou plead when conſcience bids
thee come,
And at thine own tribunal hear thy doom?
When tott'ring on the verge of death you ſtand,
And look in vain for any ſaving hand.
What curs'd ambition ſways your erring will,
And with its baneful influence doth kill
Each ſofter feeling of humanity,
And taints thy ſoul with blackeſt perjury?
Her crimes upon herſelf ſhall heavy fall,
But, on thy head, a double weight for all.
Thou ſcandal to a father's ſacred name—
Thou blaſt of honour—and thou ſcorn of fame.
Ye virgin throng, whom innocence adorns,
Whoſe beauty's pure, as is the op'ning morn's;
Whoſe ſenſibility can lend the tear,
Whene'er anxiety or trouble's near:
Pity the youth who only lov'd too well,
Or all thoſe ſorrows never had befel.
Think e'er you vow, the nature of the deed,
Leſt in a future time your peace ſhould bleed:
Dare to be juſt, and ſelf-applauſe will pay,
Ev'n in the horrors of the darkeſt day.
Be't your's, ye ſwains, to act the worthy part,
Nor e'er betray the fond believing heart:
Whoever loves deſerves a kind return,
Quite the reverſe of injury or ſcorn.
Whoe'er deceives, no puniſhment can meet
Bad as his crime, or as his vices great.

Clitander's woes may warn you to be wiſe;
Graſp not too eager any tempting prize:
Leſt, like *Roſina*, ſhe may faithleſs prove,
And pay with ſcorn—who honours her with love.

SOPHRONIA.

Woolwich, Kent.

Verſes ſent to Miſs *Suſanah S——w*, of *Loweſtoft*, on returning the TRAGEDY of ALONZO, which ſhe had lent the Author of them to read.

I.

NOT all the drops which *Lethe* holds,
Can eaſe the troubled mind:
Go where he will—to penſive thoughts,
The mourner is inclin'd.

II.

Alonzo's griefs recall my own,
Which opes the ſprings of woe;
My boſom heaves—whilſt, in my eye,
The tear doth ſorrow ſhow.

III.

III.

Succeſsful lovers both have been,
Hence came our deep diſtreſs:
'Twas dark deceit occaſion'd *mine*,
Diſtruſt made *his* no leſs.

IV.

Alonzo had himſelf to blame,
This can't be ſaid of me;
Yet, O my ſoul! he comforts had,
Which can't pertain to thee.

V.

His bride could bleed—and nobly prove
She never him deceiv'd;
Mine ſported with that ſolemn oath,
Which my fond heart believ'd.

VI.

Adieu, ye ſoft and tender ſcenes,
Be calm my throbbing breaſt:
Too much I've ſuffer'd for your joys,
Allow me future reſt.—

VII.

Alonzo like—from my dear friends
A ſtranger I do roam;
Kind heav'n conduct my weary ſteps,
And lead the wand'rer home.

VIII.

VIII.

But if a humble home on earth
  Thy goodneſs me refuſe:
Support me by celeſtial joys,
  And fix't religious views.

Woolwich, Kent.

FIDELIO.

A PASTORAL.

Time, the Evening.

PALEMON, STREPHON, DAPHNIS, and ARCAS.

THE ſun behind yon weſtern hill deſcends,
  The ſmoke from neighb'ring villages aſcends,
This brook, in babbling murmurs, glides along,
Approaching veſper aids the powers of ſong.

DAPHNIS.

Deſcending Sol ſeems milder to our ſight,
You duſky clouds foretell approaching night:
Beneath this willow, on the moſs reclin'd,
I'll ſing of love—and eaſe a love ſick-mind.

STRE-

STREPHON.

Thou limpid brook, flow gently from thy ſpring,
While on thy banks alternately we ſing;
Now ſilence reigns—ev'n birds ſleep on their ſpray
Ye tow'ring hills, reſound the rural lay!
I'll ſtake this flute, none better can be found,
The work ſo curious, and ſo ſweet the ſound;
Palemon ſhall decide between us two,
He'll juſtly give the victor what is due.

DAPHNIS.

Againſt your flute this flageolet I'll ſtake
As ſweet in ſound, as curious too in make;
Firſt you begin, for you the challenge gave;
In turn I'll ſing, nor ſuch a conteſt wave.

STREPHON.

I love my *Delia*, and I oft impart
The tender dictates of a loving heart;
I am victorious, and my *Delia*'s kind,
With all the fondneſs of a virtuous mind.

DAPHNIS.

'Tis lovely *Roſamond* whom I adore,
But ſhe avoids me, and I burn the more;

Intreaties fail, and I perſuade in vain,
I but addreſs to be refus'd again.

STREPHON.

I ſaw (reclin'd with *Delia* in a bower)
A withering roſe reviving with a ſhower:
As that recovers (my dear *Delia* ſaid)
When you arrive, I raiſe my drooping head.

DAPHNIS.

The balmy ſhowers revive decaying plants,
And yet fair *Roſamond* no favour grants:
I pine, I ſicken through the live-long day,
When I entreat, ſhe turns her head away.

STREPHON.

Do I and *Delia* through the meadows rove,
Or through the gloomy ſolitary grove,
Becauſe I'm there each ſcene gives new delight,
In mid-day ſun, or by the lunar light.

DAPHNIS.

If I, when muſing, through the meadows ſtray,
To guard my lambkins, whilſt they ſkip and play,
Should there by chance my *Roſamond* ſurprize;
Regardleſs of my woe ſhe nimbly flies.

STRE-

STREPHON.

As timid hares are fearful of the hounds,
As cowards tremble when the trumpet ſounds,
As landſmen ſhudder at the raging ſea;
So *Delia* fears leſt aught ſhould injure me.

DAPHNIS.

To tender lambs the wolf's not more unkind,
To violet-beds not ruder is the wind;
Than he to me, whoſe ſcorn I now deplore,
Whoſe very ſcorn but makes me love thee more.

STREPHON.

How tender are the expreſſions of my Love!
Ye winds, O bear them to the gods above!
In manners ſoft, my *Delia* doth excell;
She never weeps but when ſhe bids farewell.

DAPHNIS.

When laſt I to my *Roſamond* repaired,
Theſe were the ſentiments which ſhe declar'd;
Your ſuit forego—it is but vain to ſue;
Paint my reluctance when I bade adieu.

PALEMON.

Ceaſe to contend, for veſper now appears,
And ſighing *Daphnis* is bedew'd with tears:
Your voices ſuited to the parts you ſung,
Yon' caves re-echoed and thoſe vallies rung:
Thy ſongs, O *Daphnis*, do this flute deſerve;
This flageolet, *Strephon*, for his ſake preſerve:
Now gloomy darkneſs intercepts our ſight,
Go home, and ſhun the noxious damps of night.

FINIS.

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